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THE CAT AND FOX TRAGEDY

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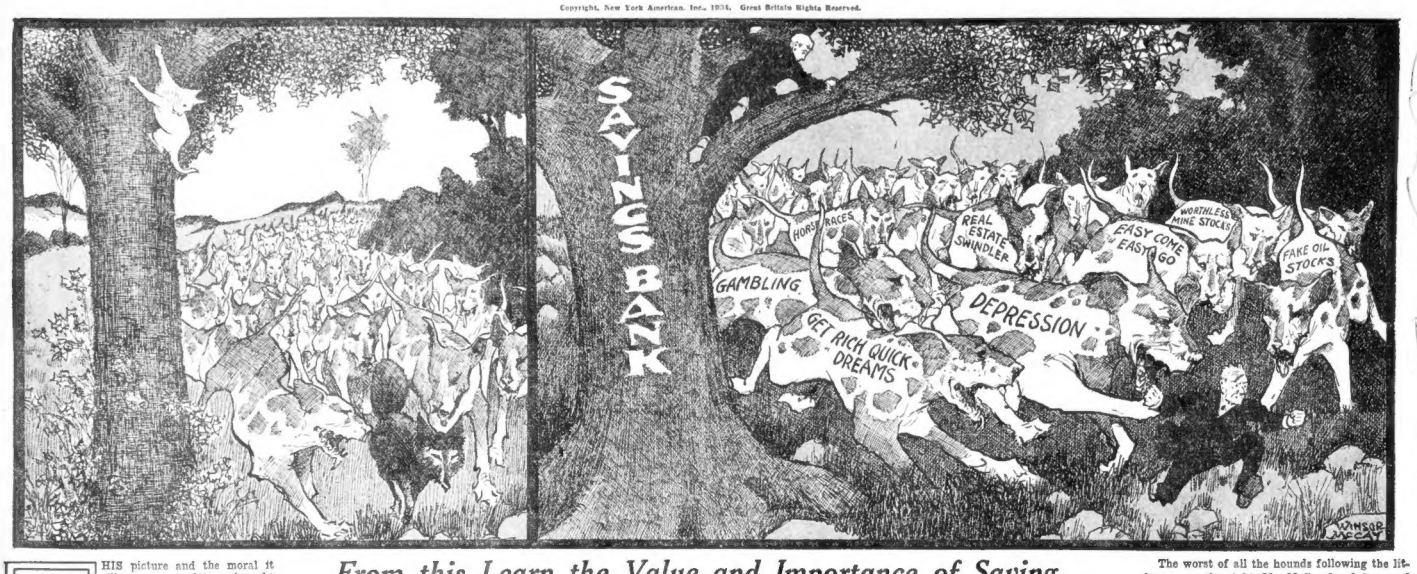

THIS picture and the moral it illustrates are plain and ought to be useful.

The idea is to convince some of the millions of Americans who see this page that to have ONE safe remedy for trouble is better than to have a hundred more or less IMAGINARY remedies.

Consider, if you please, and read carefully Grimm's fable "The Fox and the Cat."

THE FOX AND THE CAT

One day a Cat met a Fox in the woods. "Ah," she thought, "he is sensible, and talked of in the world a great deal; I will speak to him." So she said, in a friendly manner, "Good morning, Mr. Fox, how are you? and how do affairs go with you these hard times?"

The Fox looked down upon the Cat in scorn for a long time. At last he said, "Oh, you poor little whisker-cleaner, you grey old tabby, you hungry mouse-hunter, what are you thinking about to visit me, and to stand there and ask me how I am getting on? What have you learnt, and how many tricks do you know?"

"I know only one trick," answered the Cat, meekly.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "if the hounds are behind me I can spring up into a tree and save myself."

"Is that all?" cried the Fox. "Why I am master of a hundred tricks and have over and above all a sackful of cunning; but I pity you, puss; come with me and I will teach you how to baffle both men and hounds."

At this moment a hunter, with four hounds, was seen approaching. The Cat sprang nimbly up a tree and seated herself on the highest branch, where, by the spreading foliage, she was quite concealed.

"Turn out the sack, Mr. Fox! Turn out the sack!" cried the Cat, but the hounds had already seized him and held him fast. "Ah, Mr. Fox," cried the Cat, "your hundred tricks are not of much use to you; now if you had known only one like mine you would not have lost your life."

J. AND W. GRIMM.

At the left in Mr. McCay's picture you see the Grimm story, well and completely illustrated. The cat with only ONE "trick" is up the tree and safe. Hounds do not climb trees.

The poor fox that had ONE HUNDRED tricks, and was so proud of them, is about to be "broken up" by the hounds, to borrow the huntsman's expression.

No need to say more about that picture on the left or the fable of the fox and the cat.

* * *

So please turn to Mr. McCay's larger picture on the right, which shows US human beings, and our own little Grimm fable, of the "get-rich-quick" depression hounds and the savings bank.

It is a very GRIM fable for those that have experienced it in real life.

The little man in the foreground of the big picture with the hounds so close and about to finish him, was the "fox" in the human fable, before 1929. He was not going to wear himself out "working and slaving," slowly accumulating a savings bank account, or other conservative property.

Like the fox with his "one hundred tricks," the clever little man, running so hard on the right, knew one hundred tricks better than "working yourself to death."

At this moment he wishes that he had not known so many tricks.

* * *

He knew the "easy come, easy go" method. He had dreamed the "Get-Rich-Quick" dreams. He had friends that got their "tips" direct from the "feed-box" at the race track, friends who almost knew what the horse himself was thinking about. He had other friends who could tell him about fortunes made in schemes innumerable, and they could tell him how to make his fortune.

This little, swift-running man with the hounds close behind him knew so many ways of keeping out of financial trouble that he really felt sorry for his friend that only had one idea, which was to climb to safety, up the thick, solid tree of a savings bank account. "Let us live by the way, as we journey through life," said the little man. He is journeying swiftly now, and will not live long by the way.

* * *

There is only one kind of safety for FOXES and human beings, and this picture proves it.

The cat finds safety in climbing a tree and staying in the branches until the hounds go by.

The human being's safety is found in saving part of what he earns, be it little or much, and having his savings to rely on when trouble comes.

Mr. Dumont Clark, late president of the American Exchange Bank, an old-fashioned banker and very wise, would say to young depositors:

"Try to get fifty thousand dollars by saving and working hard, no matter how hard. And when you have the fifty thousand *don't let anybody get the money away from you.*"

"With fifty thousand dollars your family can live and with that you are your own master, no man's slave.

"Fifty thousand dollars that you actually have are better than fifty million dollars that you dream about.

"Get your fifty thousand, no matter how long it takes you, how hard you work, or how painfully you save. After you have put that where nobody can ever get it from you, do what you like, you are safe."

* * *

What was true in 1929 is true now. In 1929 the man who relied on his "one hundred tricks" was foolish, whereas the man who relied on the one, old-fashioned, dull trick—saving, putting in the saving bank and keeping part of what he earned—was building for himself a high tree of SECURITY.

What was true in 1929 is true today. It will be true one hundred years hence. Save now, and you avoid trouble later.

The strength of youth must provide for the weakness of old age.

The worst of all the hounds following the little man on the right, Mr. McCay has left out of the picture. That ruthless, remorseless hound is Time, Old Age. He never fails. He arrives, always, with horrible precision and certainty. Happy the man whose common sense and self-control have made him safe against that pursuing enemy, TIME.

* * *

Fathers and mothers might show this picture, with their own better comment, to children old enough to understand it.

There is only one kind of SAFETY and that is the safety based on independence of other men's jobs or other men's money.

One good "trick," as the cat on the left found out, is worth a hundred doubtful tricks.

You will be advised to spend freely, for the general good. Spend by all means, AFTER YOU HAVE SAVED.

You are told that you should be "a good fellow." Certainty, but only *after you have saved*, with thought of the future.

The trick of climbing a tree is the best possible trick for a cat.

And the "trick" of saving part of what you earn, as much as you can save, and putting it in the savings bank is the best kind of a trick for the average human being.

This picture proves it, and many to their sorrow have realized it since 1929, without any proving.

SAVE FOR INDEPENDENCE, MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL POSSESSIONS.

From this Learn the Value and Importance of Saving

TYCHO BRAHE CATALOGUED THE STARS

He Had a Curious Brass Nose

Listened to an Idiot Babbling

IT is suggested again that you read Sir Oliver Lodge's admirable book "Pioneers of Science," published by Macmillan, and concentrate on the lives of six men, greatest in astronomy and mathematics, who were born of six nationalities—Copernicus, Poland; Tycho Brahe, Denmark; Kepler, Germany; Galileo, Italy; Descartes, France; Newton, England.

COPERNICUS showed man his real place in the universe.

The old theory taught that the earth was flat, with the sun, moon, all the stars and planets revolving around it, and man, the only important thing in the universe. Copernicus proved the old Ptolemaic idea to be childish nonsense.

He proved what every school child knows now, what, once men were burned alive for asserting, that we live on one of the smallest of many little planets going around our sun. Our sun is one of millions of suns that travel on mysterious journeys through the starry cloud overhead that we call "The Milky Way." And beyond that Milky Way which is our little "universe city" in one corner of space, there are thousands of other "universes," cosmic cities called nebulae, also with their millions of suns and presumably endless millions of planets.

Thanks to Copernicus and others man at least knows where he is in the universe, namely, on one tiny planet, going around one fair sized sun. Other suns are a million times as big as ours, but ours is big enough.

We know that as we travel around the sun, we follow the sun in a spiral course, on its mysterious journey. We don't yet know, apart from the teachings of faith, whence we came, whither we are going, or what happens to us at the end of our little time here.

But we have a right to be hopeful, for it is hard to believe that a race able to produce six men men mentioned, should be destined to extinction, when the individual dies, or the earth grows cold and the entire race disappears.

TYCHO BRAHE, second of the "Big Six" of the universe, was a Danish nobleman, born in 1546, oldest son in that Danish noble family "as noble and ignorant as sixteen undisputed quarterings could make them." Such noblemen with so many quarterings considered it beneath them to engage in anything but killing—animals in the chase, men in war.

Tycho, in addition to being intelligent, was deeply religious and deeply superstitious, so deeply religious that he never accepted the teachings of Copernicus, which seemed to contradict the Bible's description of Creation, with a square earth, one angel at each of its four corners. He would probably have gone through life a typical Danish nobleman, but he had imagination, and was much stirred, when an eclipse predicted for August 21, 1560, arrived.

From that time forward astronomy, particularly marvelously careful observation and cataloguing of the stars, occupied his life.

For a short time he branched off into alchemy, the old search for a formula to transform base metals into gold, etc. But the discovery of a new star recalled him to astronomy, never again to abandon the work for which the world thanks him to this day.

His catalogue of the stars, although the telescope was unknown in his day, was, as Sir Oliver Lodge reminds you, the foundation of today's observations at Greenwich and elsewhere. Others followed.

TYCHO BRAHE retained through life his profound respect for religion, and whenever he mounted to his observatory to work through the night among the stars he dressed with care, always with lace ruffles on his wrists, saying: "I am about to enter the presence of my Maker."

That Tycho Brahe should refuse to accept the Copernicus' system in view of his deeply religious nature is not surprising. The universities of Europe continued to teach the old Ptolemaic system, putting the earth in the centre of the universe, long after the death of Copernicus.

The authority of Aristotle, which for so many centuries ruled the human intellect, discouraged acceptance of the Copernican theory.

TYCHO BRAHE, "The first observational astronomer, founder of practical astronomy," compelled to make his own instruments with his own hands, "achieved accuracy before undreamed of."

Sir Oliver Lodge says that his observations reveal "not a single mistake of carelessness."

His deep superstition was illustrated in his observations of a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn. He observed the conjunction as a scientist, and as a victim of superstition decided that the conjunction was the forerunner and the cause of the Great Plague.

Tycho inherited the fortune of his uncle, who had adopted him and became rich and independent of his father, at the age of nineteen.

At about that time a quarrel concerning some point of mathematics with one of his countrymen, Manderupius, resulted in a duel with swords. In the course of the duel Tycho Brahe's nose was sliced off by Manderupius.

Tycho built himself an artificial nose of metal with putty or cement to fasten it on. Whether the nose was of gold, silver or brass, is uncertain.

But great as were his astronomical studies and discoveries, his intellectual contemporaries, were more interested all his life long in that "brass nose" which he would fasten on occasionally, than in all his stars.

A nose of metal seemed in some way appropriate, for old alchemists considered the metals related to the heavenly bodies, silver to the moon, we still speak of "the silvery moon." gold to the sun, copper to Mars, lead to Saturn.

ASKED to deliver lectures on astronomy at the University of Copenhagen, Tycho refused, such occupation being unworthy of a nobleman, but consented when the enlightened Danish King urged him to do so.

Tycho was denounced by his aristocratic friends for disgracing them, how could a nobleman condescend to teach about the stars, when there were men to be killed, wild boars to be speared?

The contempt of his noble friends made of Tycho almost a radical. He married a peasant woman who made him a good wife, often mocked the particularly stupid nobles that came to his observatory, and could understand little.

His "sixteen quarterings" enabled him to do this successfully, in spite of his "star gazing."

After studying the stars at night, Tycho would visit the sick peasants, giving them medicine that he concocted himself, queer medicine, mixed with various metals in superstitious fashion. Luckily they contained one or two desirable ingredients.

TYCHO'S most useful work began when that wise Danish King, anxious to keep so great a Dane in his dominion, told Tycho that if he would settle down and make all his astronomical observations in Denmark, he should have a fine estate settled upon him, a pension of two thousand dollars a year for life, a site for a large observatory, and one hundred thousand dollars to build it.

The King gave Tycho the Island of Huen, between Copenhagen and Elsinore, kept his promise to give him one hundred thousand dollars to which Tycho added one hundred thousand of his own, and thereon rose "Uranienburg"—"The Castle of the Heavens"—where Tycho worked happily and with incredible energy and devotion as long as the king lived. Kings came to visit him there, including James of England, more superstitious than Tycho.

After the death of the king, Tycho, who had become the foremost scientific man in Europe and whose Uranienburg was the centre of astronomical wisdom, was compelled to leave Denmark.

He had offended the most powerful man in the government and unwisely snubbed the new young king for expressing opinions concerning matters beyond him.

FORTUNATELY there was another wise ruler, Rudolph, the second emperor of Bohemia.

He invited Tycho to settle in Prague, gave him a castle in the country for an observatory, a house in the city, and 3,000 crowns a year for life.

Young men of intelligence and ambition gathered to hear him. *Among them came a poor young man, John Kepler, Germany's contribution to the "Great Six."* He turned out to be a much greater man than his master.

Tycho having catalogued the stars, doing for the hosts of heaven what the government does with its census of population, and making his observations as to the motions and changes of the stars with the utmost care and accuracy, died in October, 1601, fifty-five years of age.

The disappointment at Uranienburg, the breaking up of his magnificent observatory there had broken his spirit and his health.

His last words, constantly repeated in the delirium of death, were: *Ne frustra vixisse videar!* "Oh, that it may not appear that I have lived in vain!"

INDEED, he did NOT live in vain. His name stands out above all the other names in Denmark, and will be remembered among men as long as the stars shall continue to interest them.

Observe that Tycho Brahe, who worked so far away from little Denmark, among the planets and the distant fixed stars, is recognized as the greatest son of the Danish race.

Observe also that Shakespeare's "Hamlet," "a Dane," who never lived at all has had more books written about him, as Brandeis, the distinguished Jewish historian, tells you, than all the men that ever lived in Denmark.

The Island of Huen, presented to Tycho by the King, was overrun by the Danish nobility and nothing is left of "Uranienburg" "except a mound of earth and two pits" but everything remains that Tycho Brahe did while he worked there.

You will be interested in Tycho's idiot, Lep, who sat at the feet of Tycho when he dined and ate the scraps of food that Tycho threw to him.

Tycho was a curious combination of superstition and believed that poor idiots received direct communication with spirits in the other world. When Lep's idiotic mumbling began Tycho would command all to be silent and listen most attentively to every word uttered by the idiot.

The remaining four of the "Great Six" Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, Newton, the last the greatest, will be dealt with here later.

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

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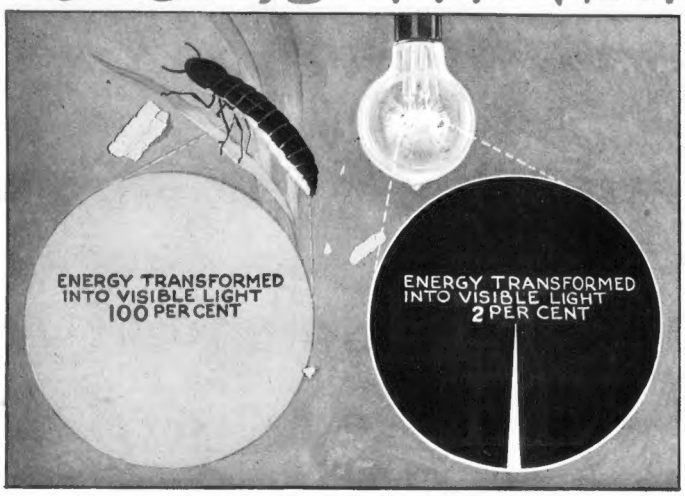
Sunday, Aug. 5, 1934

Our Daily Life If Man Had Never Invented Fire



The Entire Amount of Energy Used by a Glow-Worm to Produce Its Phosphorescence Is Transformed Into Visible Light. But Some Lighting Devices Made by Man Produce Only 2 Per Cent of Visible Radiations and the Remaining 98 Per Cent of Energy Produced Is Lost in the Form of Dark Heat, Invisible Radiations, Etc. The Accompanying Diagram Shows the Disproportion Between the Result Obtained by an Insect and by Man.

By Making Use of the Light Furnished by Luminous Animals the Man Without Fire Could Illuminate His Home.

Prof. Thevenin Explains How Civilization and Progress Would Still Have Been Made, But Along Different Lines, and What a Different World It Would Be

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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MAN boasts that he is the master, and fire is his servant.

But what sort of a servant is this? The slightest error on the part of the master provokes the servant to rebellion. Every year the outbreaks of that servant destroy billions of dollars' worth of property and thousands of lives.

That's all right. Fire is not a very docile servant, but those destructive outbreaks are always the fault of the master's ignorance or carelessness.

The master spends most of his time feeding and tending his servant, but that also is quite all right. By working for his servant man gets infinitely more done than he could by working for himself with his bare hands without the aid of fire-driven machinery and fire-made tools. As long as man reaps all the profits, what is the difference?

Let us look at those profits. There is an old Arabian story of a poor young man who unexpectedly inherited wealth. In order to make a big show, the youth hired the best servant in the whole country, a man who could do everything for him, but the servant insisted on naming his own wages. After living like a prince for a year, the youth found himself penniless and owing so much in wages that he had to become a servant of his servant the rest of his life in order to pay off the debt.

Up to the present three materials have been used as fuel for fire—wood, coal and petroleum. Now all three of these are becoming exhausted with so great rapidity that it is possible to foresee the day when they will be completely lacking, and when humanity will perish in an unparalleled disaster, if between now and then it does not find other materials at its command.

Fortunately, this fatal day seems still far away, and would give us time to develop, if the fatal habit of using our combustible materials at an increasing speed does not put us in danger long before the time now calculated. We shall see what may happen by considering what has happened to wood, the oldest of the fuels, and by noting the grave results which have followed from its reckless use.

To begin with, let us look at a map of Africa. About a third of its surface is covered by an immense desert of about 3,600,000 square miles, the Sahara Desert, the greatest in the world. Yet this desert was formerly a rich and fertile country, crossed by many rivers and covered with useful vegetation.

Explorers who have studied this vast desert have found in many places records of great importance and interest. Among them are rocks covered with drawings and inscriptions made by the hands of man, which prove that he lived there in the midst of an abundance of vegetation and animal life as rich as any that can be found in the most favored parts of the world today.

Why this disastrous change has taken place still is disputed among the geologists and other scientists. Presumably the waning of the Great Ice Age in countries farther to the north had something to do with it. Man probably helped however, by destroying as much of the former forest as possible, burning the wood for fuel and allowing the rain to wash away the soil from the deforested slopes of the hills, much as is happening now in the southern part of the United States.

This transformation became more and more rapid as it progressed. When a certain section of the forests was destroyed the character of the rainfall was changed. The rivers, when they were not fed, became smaller, and under the effect of the intense heat and the character of the soil began to run beneath the surface, where a few of them are still found today. Vegetation died away at the same time. But man continued to use up what there was and became a nomad after having been a householder, in order to reach points where he could still find vegetation.

From this time the area was doomed to aridity. Trees became more and more scarce and the young ones did not have time to grow up, because they were cut down so early to feed the fire. When the trees had gone man burnt the bushes. Then the flocks which he drove about with him did not find enough grass and began to eat the roots, and there were no more of these left to feed the fire.

All the Power We Obtain From Fire Is Only a Transformation of the Sun's Energy, Which Makes Itself Felt in Many Different Forms. For Instance, Energy Received During the Day Is Given Out at Night in the Form of Radiation, Which Our Eyes Cannot See, But Which Instruments Record. If Fire Had Not Caused Our Civilization to Develop in a Different Direction, Man Might Be Able to Use These Various Forms of Energy With Great Benefit to Himself.

A Day May Come When, All Combustible Materials Having Been Burned Up, Man Will Be Obliged to Burn His Own Home to Feed the Last Fireplace.

Finally the camel was introduced, which can live in the sandy desert, but on condition that he goes on eating all the same. Finding nothing better, the camel appears to eat sand, but really he uses up roots and the few seeds which the sand conceals beneath the surface. He destroys not only present vegetation, but vegetation to come. That is why certain regions of the Sahara are almost absolutely without life in any form whatever, animal or vegetable, so that even a camel cannot exist there.

First came man attacking the virgin forest with axe of stone, then of bronze and finally of steel, to feed his fires and ending with the hideous, sterilizing camel, which picked up and destroyed the last crumbs of life. In Asia, explorers of the Great Gobi Desert find that man once lived there amid a wealth of animal and vegetable life. Man's destructiveness in feeding his fires helped to drive him out of this and other Gardens of Eden.

In prehistoric times they were probably the cause and sources of those successive waves of cavemen which invaded Europe, exterminating each other in turn. During historic times they sent the hordes of Asia under Attila the Hun and others against the dying Roman world. Central America shows ruins of mighty civilizations which are now believed to have starved themselves out of existence in the same manner.

This destruction of forests and vegetation in general is going on with greater rapidity than ever, although wood is no longer used solely to feed the fire, but is transformed for various human uses with the help of machines which could not work without fire.

Coal and petroleum are undergoing an intensive exploitation. Experts have calculated that America, which is at the head of petroleum production, takes 125,000,000 tons annually from its wells, but consumes 140,000,000. This process is going on all over the world, so that if it continues at the present rate it will be only 100 years before the earth will be entirely deprived of this combustible.

No doubt there are still unknown reservoirs which will be exploited some day. The same conditions apply to coal, the mines of which are becoming exhausted, but enormous quantities of which may be found in unexploited regions, such as near the South Pole. But if the period of 100 years may be somewhat increased, it will not be of much importance. The fact is certain that fire, of which we think ourselves the master, is devouring our resources and that a day will come when this insatiable idol will ask sacrifices which we will be unable to offer to it.

Five hundred years before the Christian era, Heraclitus predicted that the entire world would be destroyed by flames. The old Greek philosopher presumably meant that it would all go up at once in one grand bonfire. Of this there seems little danger, but man's whole civilization may be destroyed as the result of burning up all his assets in the mouths of a billion furnaces.

Less than five centuries ago the first white child was born in the United States and today its race is represented by 125,000,000 inhabitants in the same country. Similar facts are found among other nations. At the end of the Thirty Years' War, in the seventeenth century, Central Europe had only 2,000,000 inhabitants; today Germany alone has 70,000,000.

This enormous multiplication of human life is due to transportation, machines and inventions based on fire or its products. When the world finds itself bankrupt of coal and oil with what will it feed its servant fire, on which the masses depend for their existence? If the fires go out all this excess population must die.

Cheerful optimists promise that before such time, man will be able to release the power in the atom. Maybe he will; also, maybe that is another dream, like perpetual motion. But, since nobody alive today will live to see that crisis, the average person is perhaps more interested in the question of what sort of deal he might be getting right now if our ancestors had kept away from fire entirely or if at least the alchemists of the Middle Ages had not committed modern science to being "fire-minded."

The truth is all animals use fire, but in a slow-burning economical way. The horse has been humorously, but accurately, described as "an old hay-burner." A horse, by natural, slow-combustion processes actually does burn up a bale of hay in his digestive tract, muscles and other parts of his system, developing heat and about one horsepower for many days. That same bale of hay burned under a boiler will only develop a few horsepower hours. Had man been content to burn fuel only in the form of food inside himself and his domesticated animals, he would have had to make his scientific progress on utterly different lines.

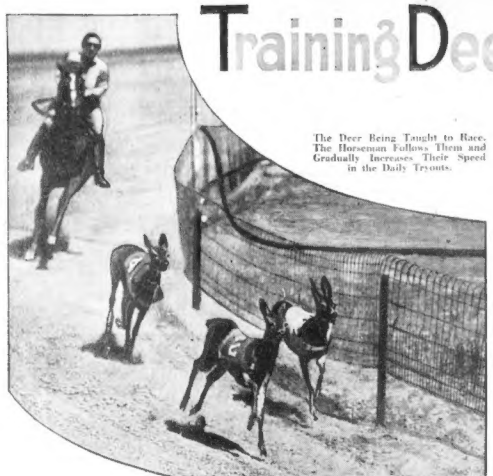
These would have forced him to follow and imitate Nature much more exactly. It is not impossible that on these paths he might have gone further and fared better. Let us see how expert and efficient the modern chemist with his electric furnace almost as hot as the sun, his artificial thunderbolt, is compared with a few humble natural chemists who haven't any laboratory.

For instance, it is accepted that the sea contains all known bodies, for at the beginning it covered the entire globe and all matter not yet solidified was dissolved in it. It would, therefore, seem easy to the scientist, aided with his perfected instruments and heating apparatus, to isolate any of these substances from the sea. Suppose a very modest demand is made of the chemist and he is required merely to isolate a substance extremely common in the oceans—iodine.

He goes to work on a great quantity of water and uses all the reagents in his laboratory, and employs heat and electricity and all known methods. After many

(Concluded on Page 2)

Training Deer for the Race Course



The Deer Being Taught to Race. The Horseman Follows Them and Gradually Increases Their Speed in the Daily Tryouts.

DEER racing probably never will become a major sport in this country, but Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Timm, of Kelsey, California, have demonstrated that the fleet-footed animals can be taught to circle a race track with surprising speed and to leap over hurdles with greater ease and grace than the best of steeplechasing horses.

The Timms have five young deer which they have raced many times in Kelsey and in other places in California. Most of the thousands of people who have seen the contests of speed say that they find more excitement in watching the deer burn up the track and sail over hurdles than they ever have experienced at greyhound and whippet races. And it is easy to understand the growing interest in racing deer, for the Timms have announced that the fastest of the animals have been clocked in the amazing time of 31 seconds for the quarter mile. This means that the tamed creatures of the forest cover the distance at an average speed of better than 42 feet a second, which is getting over the ground even for animals that Nature designed for fast footwork.

The racing deer were caught in Oregon shortly after they were born and they are now only about a year old. The Timms didn't know whether it would be possible to teach the animals to race, but they went about the task methodically and sensibly and, after months of experiment and observation, were ready for a public demonstration of the racing abilities of their curious stable.

They found that Chief, the only buck in their group, was more intelligent than his female mates—Ethel, Fannie, June and Bessie. He seemed to understand what was required of him more readily than the does and was a more willing performer. All of the deer were very quickly tamed, but teaching them to run races against each other and spring over hurdles was something else again.

It was learned, early in the training period, that deer cannot be handled in the same way that greyhounds and whippets are prepared for the race track. The dogs have to be given something to chase—like a mechanical rabbit—but deer just can't be interested in chasing anything, mechanical or otherwise. By nature they are the pursued, not the pursuer, and when they race they have to be spurred on from behind, even though they have no fear of the thing that is chasing them.

At first the Timms induced the deer to run around the track by having Buster, a Shepherd dog, start after them the instant they were released from the barrier. It may be that the animals, at the start, were frightened of the dog, but they soon got used to his part in the game and seemed to run for the fun of it. The dog was good-natured and never nipped at the deers' legs or pushed them faster than they could comfortably go. In fact they left Buster behind as though he were tied.

But there were people in California who objected to this method of pacing the deer and the Timms had to substitute a horse and rider for the dog. No one thought that this way of inspiring the deer to race against each other was inhumane. And it isn't because the deer are not at all afraid of the horse. As a matter of fact, at the end of the race, when either of the Timms step on the track, the deer stop and let the horse catch up with them. Then they submit calmly while their collars are slipped over their heads, or wander about to smell curiously of their surroundings.

Accustoming the deer to wearing collars was the hardest feature of their training. They would try to get the collars, by which they are led, off with their hooves and, at times, inflicted painful wounds on their necks and heads in their struggles to be free of the things. But in time they got used to the collars and now wear them without any protest.

For some deep-seated reason the deer will not race in the middle of the day. Their owners have to stage the races early in the morning or in the cool of the evening. Sometimes, at the end of an exceptionally hot day, it is impossible to get the animals to put on a spirited contest, even when the pursuing rider guides the horse skilfully in an effort to inspire the racers to their best efforts.

There are times when the deer are temperamental and just can't be made to put on a sporting race. But most of the time they run with all the competitive spirit of horses, or dogs, and try to beat one another to the finish line.

Mrs. Wilbur Timm and the Racing Deer, Which Are Also Trained to Take Hurdle Jumps.

Our Daily Life If Man Had Never Invented Fire

(Continued from Front Page)

hours of effort you may look at the bottom of his retorts, and you will find either no iodine or so little that it is not worth speaking of.

But while the scientist has been at work another experimenter has had a splendid success. This experimenter does not have at his disposition any instruments of glass or metal and electric apparatus, much less does he possess any fire. But he has gathered from a small quantity of water a considerable amount of iodine. This ought to astonish us very much, because this experimenter is not a great scientist. It is not even a man. It is not even an animal. It is a common piece of seaweed, one of those species that we usually see on the shore when we go there.

How has the plant succeeded where man has failed? Before seeking the answer we should look at the other marine creations, vegetable and animal, to find out if they have the same power. Take the lobsters and the oysters, they gather from the sea copper with which they are more or less filled, especially in European waters. If man seeks this copper in the sea he does not find it. He is no more successful in finding silver there, but the coral insects gather it as they please and keep stores of it.

It is the same with a hundred other mineral bodies. Silver, boron and zinc are found in the marine plants; manganese in the sea-plant called wrackgrass; rubidium, a mysterious metal, in the oysters; fluorite in the corals, and phosphorus and arsenic in nearly all marine creatures.

The sea-animals and plants obtain these substances in the sea where man is incapable of finding them with all his science. We know absolutely nothing as to how they obtain them. But it is not only the sea creatures that have this power. Any plant in our gardens or any fruit in our orchards will supply various metals that we may ask of it and for which we look in vain in the earth. Moreover, the plant will supply these substances in a form which can be assimilated into our bodies, a wonderful achievement that our furnaces and retorts have never enabled us to realize.

The humble microbes are even more successful chemists than the plants, for they gather up abandoned organic matter and change it into mineral matter, so that the plants can carry on the life cycle. And remember that not one of these extraordinary chemists has fire at his disposal.

We only know how to produce light by heating substances, and we thus waste an enormous amount of energy to produce a comparatively small result. On the other hand look at the glowworm, the firefly, and other creatures of the kind. The glowworm produces light through chemical reactions. Nobody has been able to fully understand the nature of these reactions, nor to identify the substances which the animals employ. All that is known is that their light is almost exclusively formed of rays from the visible zone of the spectrum, so that the result is infinitely superior to that of our most highly developed industries, because some lighting devices use ninety-eight parts of their energy in absolutely useless heat, if we take into account the energy used to run the dynamo which produces the electricity.

This means that when we burn $100 worth of light $98 are wasted and only $2 used. Even with the mercury lamp, which is especially economical and makes light by electrifying gases, sixty per cent of the energy is wasted. On the other hand all the energy produced by the light-giving animals, as far as can be known, is transformed into visible light and yet we do not know how it is done.

Suppose that one of the alchemists of the Middle Ages instead of seeking to draw its secrets from fire, had employed the same industry in seeking those of Nature. Suppose that thousands of generations before him had been striving in the same direction. It is very certain that we should know today many of these secrets, which, with the help of our reason and intelligence, would give us a much higher place in the universe than we occupy today.

If we possessed these secrets of Nature, we should know how the wasps make the paper of their nests without fire or boiling water, and how the termite builds a gigantic house furnished with central heating, although it knows no fire. Man could fly through the air like the birds without the least effort, instead of using for this purpose a ridiculous amount of power of which ninety-eight parts out of a hundred produce no result. He would make light, heat, power, etc., with waste material which he now destroys without making any use of it. He would have no need to worry about his food, for he would assimilate the elements directly into his body without having them passed through plants and animals. Finally, he would probably know the very secret of life, or at least of its permanent maintenance by studying the methods of the chlorophyll plants. They employ directly to build up their bodies the energy of the sun, whereas man only gathers a small share of it after a long and round-about journey.

Everywhere a man looks he sees millions of these signs warning him that with fire he is following the wrong road. But "man is Nature's rebel son" who has always been passing red lights, disregarding her laws and cherishing the ambition some day to defy them all. In following this policy he has taken some terrible beatings and may wreck himself, his planet and all, before he gets through, just as he always wrecks every civilization just as he gets it running nicely. So far he has managed to extricate himself from all his blunders and at the present moment is boss of the globe.

Thus far before running out of one resource he has always found a new and better one. This cannot go on forever. Perhaps the time will come when Nature will tell him that he has at last wasted all the accumulated assets of all the millions of years since life first began, that there is nothing left and that he must now eat sand like the camel or die. Man, impudent creature that he is, will doubtless have other ideas and, by that time, may find a way to get away with them.

THE END.

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The Staff Photographer for a London Newspaper Made This Picture in Regent's Park. The Brood of Ducklings Was the First New Family to Make Its Appearance During the Summer. The Mother Is Obviously Proud of Her Youngsters and Had Them on Parade When the Photographer Arrived.

Believe in Guardian Angel After Escape in Unusual Accident

GEORGE and Wayne Loutensock, of Elk Grove, California, never thought, until a few weeks ago that there might be such a thing as having a charmed life and, being healthy young fellows, it never entered their heads that a guardian angel might be watching over them. But they are quite ready to believe in such phenomena now, since they were miraculously saved from death because their mother—and she doesn't know why—put a rocking chair beside their bed.

The story of their remarkable escape from a violent end is this: Some hours after the boys had gone to bed and to sleep, they, and the other members of their family, were awakened by a shattering crash. The house trembled and shook as though it had been struck by a shell from a 16-inch gun and the first thought of the rudely awakened Loutensocks was that the community had been visited by an earthquake, or that a plane had dropped from the sky and cracked up on their roof.

But when the lights were turned on, it was discovered that the heavy double wheel of a big truck had ripped through the side of the house and had been stopped in its wild flight by the rocking chair Mrs. Loutensock had placed beside her sons' bed the night before. The big wheel, with its twin tires, weighed 100 pounds and had just about wrecked everything in the room—except the boys and the bed they were in. The rocking chair had deflected the course of the missile and the young men were all right, except for a few scratches from flying splinters of wood.

Investigation revealed that the tire had come off a heavy-duty gasoline truck while it was rolling along the road about a hundred yards from the Loutensock home. The wheel had slipped off the hub in such a way that it was kept on its tread and sent on the loose with terrific speed. The ground between the scene of the accident and the house sloped so that the wheel gained speed after it left the truck.

How fast it was traveling when it struck something in the Loutensock yard and bounded high against the side of the house and right through the wall into the boys' bedroom no one knows, but its speed must have been close to a mile-a-minute for it to do the damage it did. The interior of the room looked as though a cyclone had hit the place and knocked everything askew. Even the pictures were shaken from the walls and every piece of furniture, except the rocking chair and the bed, was well-nigh wrecked.

The bed in which the boys were sleeping was covered with pieces of splintered wood, ranging in size from stout timbers to fragments no bigger than a toothpick. One of the sideboards of the bed was smashed and the surprised youngsters awoke to find the mattress and spring on the littered floor.

For a moment or two they clung to one another in terror, not quite sure what had happened to them. They were too scared to shout, but they didn't have to because their mother, rudely awakened by the crash, leaped from her bed and ran to the boys' room. She had quite a time getting the door open because the wall had sprung and debris was piled against the bottom of the door.

Mrs. Loutensock never was much of a hand to believe in guardian angels either, but she is certain that some kindly spirit moved her to put that rocking chair beside the bed.

"I used to do that when the boys were younger," she said, "but I hadn't done that for a long time. Before I went to bed that night I went in to see that the boys were all right and, suddenly, I felt a desire to move the chair from its accustomed place and put it beside the bed, as I used to do. I obeyed the impulse, and it's well I did, or I might not have my boys with me now. I shall always believe that their escape was something of a modern miracle."

Wayne and Fred Loutensock, of Elk Grove, California, as They Were When the Big Wheel Flew Off the Truck Outside, and Came Hurtling Through the Wall of Their Bedroom, Stopping Almost Miraculously a Few Inches From Them.

The Wheel in Flight Was Higher Above the Ground Than the Head of the Young Man in the Photograph. The Huge Missle Cut Through the Wall as If It Were Pasteboard.

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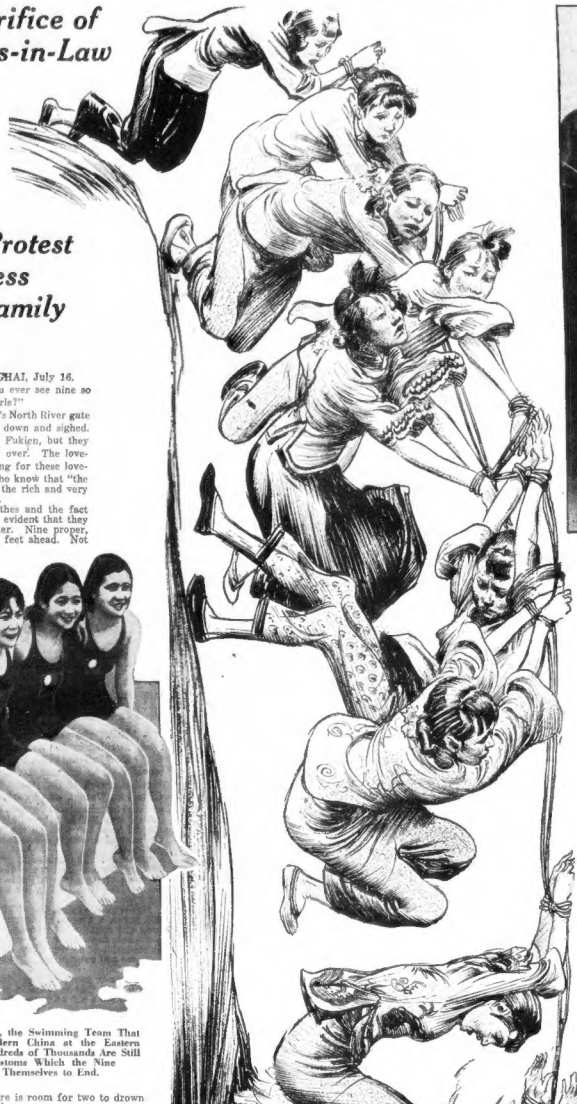
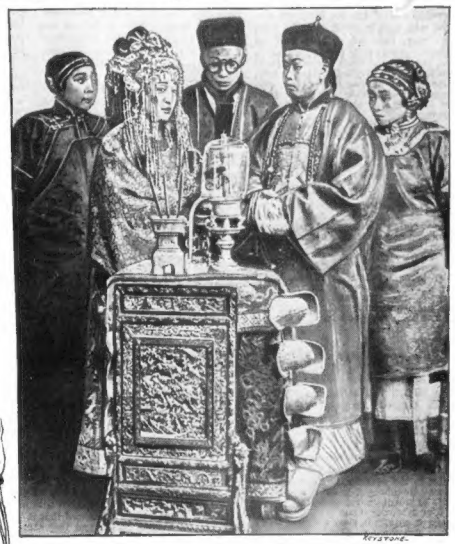
Died to End China's Ancient Bride Slavery

Pathetic Self-Sacrifice of Nine Sisters, Sisters-in-Law and Cousins Who Roped Themselves Together Like a Slave Gang, Then Drowned Themselves as a Protest Against Loveless Marriages and Family Tyranny



"May our sacrifice end the slavery of the bride!" Cried "Lovely Jade," the Oldest Sister—And Then She Leaped From the Rock, and After Her Plunged Her Eight Sisters, Sisters-in-Law and Cousins to Their Death in the Swift Waters of the River.



Not Until They Are at the Altar Do Bride and Bridegroom See Each Other for the First Time, According to the Old Ceremonies. A Photograph of a Chinese Wedding Ceremony Showing the Mother of the Bridegroom Behind Him and the Bride's Mother Behind Her.

SHANGHAI, July 16.

"LOOK!" almost moaned the sentry. "Did you ever see nine so modest, so sweet and so beautiful young girls?"

Every member of the garrison of Hwai-an's North River gate poked his head over the ancient battlements, looked down and sighed. These were only Chinese guards of the Province of Fukien, but they were soldiers and Mars yearns for Venus the world over. The love-hungry men gazed down with awe as well as yearning for these lovely girls were not bold "wenches with eyes aflame" who know that "the soldier is their game." These were young ladies of the rich and very aristocratic class, in fact the family of a mandarin.

This was evident from the richness of their clothes and the fact that each had her own maidservant. It was equally evident that they had all been brought up in the old, orthodox manner. Nine proper, demure faces continued to look at the pavement six feet ahead. Not one soft, almond eye turned up to catch those burning glances from the tower. There was not only goodness but sadness in the girls' eyes.

"Does gladness only go with badness?" a soldier asked and everyone was struck with the same thought—how happy he would make one of those mournful beauties, if he only had the chance. There was one chance and only one by which a common soldier might probably aspire to the hand of such a girl as these. If he saved the girl's life, her parents might conceivably consider him a worthy son-in-law.

The soldiers discussed this possibility, searching the horizon hopefully for bandits to swoop down on the girls and get themselves slaughtered by the vigilant garrison.

No bandit appeared, yet those nine girls were walking to their death, destined to die before the eyes of those soldiers who might have saved them had they only known.

The nine maids were ordered to wait at the gate while their young mistresses walked on 100 yards to a point where a forty-foot crag made a natural embankment to the yellow tossing waters of the river. One of the girls was seen to produce a long coil of thin rope from beneath her gown. With this the girls tied their hands together, one after the other, exactly the way slaves are tied together on the march.

"What is this, a new game that your honorable mistresses have seen in the moving pictures?" a soldier called down to the nine maidservants huddled at the gate.

"It is not for us to know," one of the maids answered in a choking voice, for they knew what they were about to witness. When the last pair of hands were securely tied, the soldiers on the battlement saw a piece of paper flutter from the oldest girl, who then gave a command at which the nine turned to face the river. Promptly, but with due care to grace and dignity, the oldest girl jumped from the crag, pulling the others, unresisting, after her.

The garrison dashed down the tower steps and raced to the spot, only to catch a few glimpses of forms, struggling but not crying for help as they were whirled away in the yellow rapids. Many hours later and far down the stream the bodies were recovered. All were still tied together except the youngest and last, who had managed to untie herself. Perhaps at the last moment this thirteen-year-old maiden changed her mind and wanted to see a little of life, no matter how dreary—but it was too late.

There was no mystery about the motive for this wholesale suicide. All China is ringing with it and, on account of it, all China may flout the teaching of Confucius to the extent of letting girls of the upper classes pick their own husbands, as they do in the United States.

In China, if one stands on the street and denounces his neighbor, nobody will listen. It may not be true and, anyway, it is not dignified. But, if you will leave your accusation in the form of a note and then drown yourself in that neighbor's well, nobody will doubt that you were right and the neighbor will lose little time in jumping after you if there is room for two to drown comfortably.

Emancipated Chinese Girls, the Swimming Team That Recently Represented Modern China at the Eastern Olympic Games. But Hundreds of Thousands Are Still Slaves to the Old Customs Which the Nine Pan Girls Drowned Themselves to End.

The well of Mandarin Pan, aged head of an illustrious house, was big and deep, but not spacious enough for nine girls to drown themselves in simultaneously. So they chose the river and left a note at the river's edge. After certain polite formalities to the living and dead which a cultured Chinese suicide is bound to observe, the young ladies said:

"It is not so much because of anything we ourselves have already suffered, or might suffer in the future if we continued here on this earth in this unenlightened land, that we are about to cast away our unimportant lives. Even in bondage life is sweet, and we do not throw it away thoughtlessly, or through motives that are wholly selfish. We hope that through our sacrifice China may be awakened from her long sleep.

"Thus we are embracing death, not so much for the relief it will bring to us, but in the hope that our act will benefit thousands of girls in China who are now approaching womanhood, and many generations of women who have not yet been born. We do it to end the ancient slavery of brides.

"We hold, as we have been taught, the deepest veneration for our honorable ancestors. On this day, we have not neglected to do them homage by placing memorial tablets to them upon the sacred shrine. Even so, we know that when we reach the Nether-world, they may shame us and shun us, and even refuse us admittance to their Celestial company. But we do not believe that they will. We feel that in the after-life they will have gained a wisdom which our ancestors here on earth are still too blind to see.

"What was the good in letting us learn through our studies and our unrestricted reading that there are women in the world blessed with the opportunity to follow the promptings of their own hearts, and then deny us that same right? It would have been better to keep us in total darkness, as all women in China were kept for so many centuries. But that was obviously impossible. The light has already begun to break over China, and we could not be kept from learning, in one way or another, of the vast difference between ourselves and the happier women of the Western World, although we have been prevented from benefiting by what we have learned."

The nine girls were related to each other either by marriage or blood, and all lived together in the great mansion and under the domination of old Pan, mandarin patriarch and a sort of Confucian fundamentalist who picked husbands and wives for his descendants without consulting their wishes any more than he would if he were mating cattle.

Six of the girls had been married and knew just how dreadful this blind system is. Two had just been betrothed to men they had never met, and it was the flat refusal of the patriarch to even listen to the pleas of this pair to escape their fate which drove the nine into forming the suicide pact.

The ninth, and youngest member of the death party, had not yet reached the marriageable age. But she was thirteen—and only too soon her day would arrive to be led to the altar, virtually blindfolded. So when she begged not to be left behind to face the wrath of the head of the house all alone and ultimately to go through the humiliation and uncertainty of marrying some man she had never laid eyes on—some man who might prove to be repugnant to her—the others gave in and took her with them on their tragic plunge.

Though doomed to loveless, unromantic lives, the parents of the girls gave them romantic names. Lovely Jade Pan, Silver Star Pan, Plum Blossom Pan, Dainty Lily Pan and Moon Fairy Pan were his daughters-in-law, and Pearl Chen—the other one who was married—was his niece. The two who had been betrothed despite their objections were Precious Orchid Pan, a daughter, and Peach Blossom Chen, a niece. River Sprite Pan, the youngest, was also a daughter.

In order to understand what a radical movement these girls have started by their pathetic death, it is only necessary to bear in mind that in China an attack upon the established marriage custom is an open defiance of the revered principle that "filial impiety is the greatest of all crimes." Many centuries ago, Confucius laid down that law, and anyone who argues that children have the right to question parental authority, in regard to marriage or any other matter, is held by the orthodox to be guilty of breaking that law.

Of course, old Mandarin Pan had no doubts that he was right. As a fundamentalist, he was sure that the saying of Confucius contained all the wisdom that ever had been or ever would be revealed. Also he knew that in the past, women who knew nothing but these teachings had lived under them about as contentedly as women ever live. Therefore he thought this new generation also could if they wanted to.

The strictest discipline was maintained in the Pan home, where the women of the family were kept segregated and not allowed any social activities outside of the household. Several times the young women pleaded to be permitted to attend entertainments. When their requests were curtly refused, they rebelled, but each time their rebellion was severely suppressed by the bigoted old mandarin, who insisted upon the observance of all ceremonies and formalities and upon the Confucian principle of filial piety.

The patriarch's mistake was in not confining the education of his girls to the wisdom of the old sage and nothing more. But by some oversight he allowed them to learn quite a lot about the modern world, including the novel and fascinating idea that a girl need not marry until she and some man actually fell in love with each other. That was the dangerous idea. The girls stood the restrictions and confinement until a "go-between," whose business it was to arrange marriages, began to visit the mandarin. For hours at a time, the old man was closeted with this visitor, drinking tea and discussing terms.

Precious Orchid and Peach Blossom were disconsolate, for it was only too apparent that their time had come. Without their consent, they were to be married soon to men whose names they had not yet even learned.

"Do not weep, little sisters," Lovely Jade, the oldest of the married girls said. "Tears are vain. They will not move an old man who has vinegar in his veins and a heart of flint."

She gathered the other married girls around her, and said, "For ourselves there is nothing left. But we cannot let these little ones suffer what we have endured. Together we will face this evil-tempered old man. Perhaps if we reason with him he may relent."

But the autocrat shut them off.

"A thief who comes in the night to steal silver and rubies is less hateful than an unworthy child who permits a disrespectful thought to enter the mind," he said. "Go. This night and for six nights following, your eyes shall not close in sleep, but you shall stand before the sacred shrine, and meditate upon your sin."

But in the darkness of the night, before the sacred shrine, the girls did not meditate upon their sin—for they did not consider that they had committed any sin. Instead of meditating, they whispered.

"To awaken those who have been sleeping for centuries will require a great noise," said one.

"But our voices are weak," said another. "If we shout all at the same time we will not be heard even in the next house."

"The voice of the dead speaks louder than the lips of the living."

The maidservants trembled and began to weep.

"Keep still," they were ordered. "Would you betray us?"

Then the girls began to ask each other if they were afraid, and the oldest said, "In heart that is set upon a good purpose there is no room for fear."

The next day, weary from lack of sleep, they dressed themselves in their costliest attire. River Sprite, seeing what the others were about and knowing what was in their minds, began to dress herself also in her best clothing. But the others said, "Little Sister, you are too young to go with us upon so long and uncertain a journey."

She pleaded, and they said that after China learned of their sacrifice, there might still be hope that she would not be treated as they had been. But she replied, "China will not change overnight. I have not sufficient courage or strength to endure his anger all alone. If you do not take me with you, I shall find another road."

In the afternoon, when the shadows were beginning to lengthen, the nine girls strolled out of the family grounds, and accompanied by their maidservants walked quietly and slowly toward the outskirts of the town. They took the maidservants along to avert suspicion—so everyone who saw them thought they were merely taking a walk, as they often did.

Reaching the North Gate, while the soldiers looked down innocently, they ordered the maidservants to stop and go no further. Each told her servant good-bye, and the oldest said, "You have served us well. But if you make an outcry before we finish what we are about to do, we will hate you with a fury that will last forever. We will find another way, and our spirits will come back in the night and torment you."

Then the girls roped themselves together, slave-fashion, to indicate that Chinese brides and wives are in a bondage—no better than slavery.

"May our sacrifice end the slavery of the bride!" cried "Lovely Jade," the oldest sister—and then she leaped from the rock, and after her plunged her eight sisters, sisters-in-law and cousins to their death in the swift waters of the river.

China has understood.

The self-imposed martyrdom of these unhappy girls has aroused Hwai-an as few Chinese communities have ever been aroused in the past, and it now seems entirely likely that their sacrifice may have widespread results. The citizens of Hwai-an who have received modern education have been outspoken and insistent in their indignation, calling for an official investigation, and even for the punishment of the head of the household, whose tyranny and bigotry they blame for the tragedy.

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"It's Always My Fault," Says "Perfect Redhead" Seeking Fourth Divorce

FEW indeed are the divorcees who will openly admit that, in some way, they might have been to blame because their marriages piled up on the rocks. Their lawyers usually go into court to present them as helpless victims of masculine cruelty and meanness—and deserving of the balm of alimony for their unbearable sufferings.

But Hot Springs, Arkansas, recently had a temporary resident—there to get a divorce from her fourth husband—who frankly admits that at least two of the men she walked to the altar with were splendid fellows and that the other two might have been worse. Her name is Mrs. Askel Madsen and the man from whom she started her freedom is, of course, Askel Madsen, an explorer of international reputation and now a member of the Swedish Legation in Washington.

"There was nothing particularly wrong with the men I married," said Mrs. Madsen, "I think that the reason we didn't make a go of marriage was largely my own fault. You see, I am honest about it and I can say that it has been my good luck to have at least two ideal and perfect husbands. I don't expect anyone to believe me when I say that every one of the men I married is still devoted to me and, believe it or not, that I still honor and respect them."

It seems, however, that a woman can catch an ideal husband in the grab-bag that is matrimony and still not want to stay married to him. The reasons for wanting to get away from a mate are legion and are not always easy to explain.

For a year or two Mrs. Madsen was one of the busiest artists' and photographers' models in New York, and was called by an expert in such charming commodities the "perfect redhead."

Mrs. Madsen, who is entitled to some sort of prize for uncommon candor as well as for her Titian-haired beauty, was born Jeannine Nell Lucia Gibson, in Chattanooga, Tenn. She was educated in a convent in Nashville and first married a man who later studied theology and became a minister. His name was Walter Rogers and Jeannine was Mrs. Rogers for 11 years.

Of this divorce she says, "I wanted to stretch my wings. I still have the highest regard for the Reverend Mr. Rogers and we have remained the best of friends."

After the preacher, came a nobleman—Count Jean de la Vatrir, well-to-do son of France; world traveler and one of the flying aces of the World War. With husband No. 2, it was love at first sight—but the love didn't last. The Count, like many another Frenchman, at times waxed excitable and explosive and his bride feared, from things he said and did, that she always would have to subordinate her personality to his. He was a nice fellow and all that, but the Countess just wasn't the type to play second fiddle. Divorce followed.

Just who followed in the wake of the clergyman and the count, Mrs. Madsen, for some reason, would rather not say. Her marriage to him was annulled. But he, too, is a good sort in the opinion of his ex-wife, who reveals only that No. 3 is "a gentleman well known in New York and Washington, and still a very, very good friend of mine."

Apparently so is explorer-diplomat Askel Madsen, who seems to be on the way out, too, so that the "perfect redhead" can "stretch her wings" with a bit more freedom than a wife usually enjoys.

Mrs. Askel Madsen, Who Is Preparing to File Her Fourth Divorce Plea, and Who Admits That All of Her Husbands Earned Her Affection and Respect.

Mrs. Madsen as a Model. She Has Posed for Some of the Country's Most Famous Painters.

What Is the Jeweled Buddha's Secret?

AMONG the collection of Oriental art in Omaha's Joslyn Memorial Museum is a statue of Buddha so small that it can easily be held in one hand. In outward appearance it is not unlike hundreds of other figures of the deity, although it is exquisitely fashioned. But despite its small size it is about the most fascinating exhibit in the museum, for this is what is called a closed Buddha and contains somewhere inside it a gift of unknown value.

For centuries it has been a custom in the East for donors of Buddhas to the temples to seal within the statues some gift in keeping with their wealth. The devout of small means often concealed inside the little seated figure nothing more valuable than a container of rice or some prayer papers, but the wealthy, moved by spiritual fervor, often invested their gifts with coins and ornaments of gold and precious stones. In some cases these hidden sacrifices to Buddha were worth a fortune.

The closed Buddha in Omaha's museum has never been opened and no one knows what is inside it or how much its secret is worth. But, because the statue is made of gold overlaid on bronze and is ornamented with no less than 180 turquoises, it is assumed that it was the gift of a wealthy person and that the offering sealed within is of great value.

Mrs. C. N. Dietz, who presented the statue to the museum does not, of course, know the Buddha's secret. She does know that the relic came from an ancient temple in Darjeeling, India, and that it is, so far as she can find out, the only closed Buddha in this country. She knows, too, that it is one of the most exquisite statues of its kind in the United States, or anywhere else, because of the beauty of its workmanship and the quality of the gold which covers it. The finest of hand etching decorates the back of the figure's collar and the bottom of the oval case with its lotus design. If the sacrifice sealed within the little relic has a value in keeping with the statue itself, the Buddha's secret may be worth the ransom of an Eastern princess. More than likely the unknown object is a precious stone, perhaps a diamond of crystal clearness, a ruby or an emerald.

There are cases on record in which people who have been fortunate enough to acquire closed Buddhas from the priests of impoverished temples immediately opened the statues, eager to get at the prize within the package, so to speak. Sometimes they were handsomely repaid for the investment and at other times they brought to light nothing more valuable than a handful of rice or a paper inscribed with prayers.

Mrs. Sarah Joslyn, donor of the Joslyn Memorial Museum, has stipulated that the closed Buddha shall not be opened to reveal whatever secret it holds so long as she lives.

The "Closed Buddha" Presented to Omaha, Nebraska, for the $5,000,000 Joslyn Memorial. It Is Said to Contain Some Precious Gem, but It Never Has Been Opened Since It Was Made by an Ancient Craftsman.

Mr. Watson's Strange War Souvenir

ALMOST anyone who awoke in the morning to find an inch-and-a-half steel-jacketed bullet in bed with him would register extreme anxiety, not to mention a case of the jitters. But not Gilbert S. Watson, of Chicago, who was so delighted when he came upon the blood-stained slug that he aroused his wife and showed it to her with all the happy excitement of a man who has found a $20 gold piece.

"Oh boy!" he exclaimed. "No more Charley horses. No more rheumatism. No more cramps. There she is, and she's been a long time finding her way out of my system."

Mr. Watson slipped out of his pajamas and began a thorough inspection of his body and found what he was looking for—the hole from which that bullet came—on the inside of his left ankle. The wound was sore and swollen but, already, he felt better.

That "war souvenir," as Mr. Watson calls the relic that he found in his bed, was shot into his body 16 years ago when he was a doughboy in the Rainbow Division, one of the crack outfits of the A. E. F. It was put there by a machine gunner in a German plane, along with two other bullets which were removed by army surgeons in a base hospital in Paris.

The doctors and Watson thought that they had done a thorough job until about two years ago when the ex-soldier began to suffer sharp pains in his left leg, below the knee. Many physicians looked Mr. Watson over and tried to relieve the pain that made it difficult for him to walk. Most of them diagnosed his ailment as "loss of facia," which means a lack of muscular mobility. Only one doctor—and he was not a government doctor—thought that there might be a bullet, or a piece of steel, somewhere in the leg.

The veteran, driven by his "Charley horse" to try anything that promised relief, was contemplating going on the operating table when the "souvenir" presented to him by a German flyer came out without benefit of surgery. Watson took the relic with him on his next visit to a government hospital and, sardonically, nicknamed it "Loss of Facia."

Human Leopards Banished From Jungles, Now Exist Only in Museum

BRUSSELS.

ONE of this city's museums recently added to its exhibits a tableau that attracts grownups by the hundreds and sends young children scampering to their mothers. It is an extremely lifelike reproduction of the now extinct Leopard Men, those fanatical thugs of the African jungle who, not so long ago, roamed through the hinterlands of Sierra Leone, on the West Coast, terrorizing the natives and drinking the blood of those that they marked for death.

Through the cooperation of an eminent sculptor and an explorer who risked his life to get some of the actual skins and "claws" of the Leopard Men, the exhibit is as authentic as it is impressive.

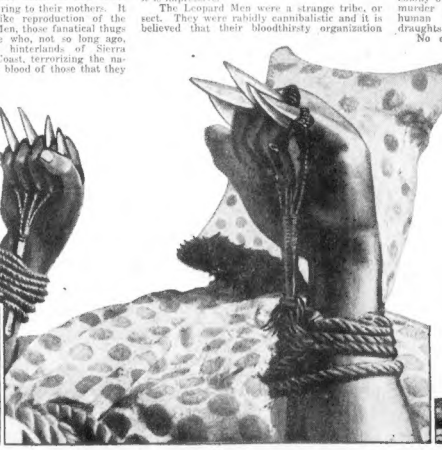
The Leopard Men were a strange tribe, or sect. They were rabidly cannibalistic and it is believed that their bloodthirsty organization flourished for centuries before it finally was wiped out by the authority of white men's guns. More than a score of British "tommies" lost their lives before they succeeded in ridding the colony of the savages who made a business of murder and whose chief article of diet was human flesh washed down with generous draughts of blood.

No one ever found out just how many Leopard Men there were hidden away in that part of Sierra Leone known as the Foro Bush, but it is believed that there were several hundred, each equipped with the hide and head of a real leopard and with sets of three-bladed daggers which were man-made reproductions of the leopard's claws and which they held in their fists in the manner that brass knuckles are worn.

The British military authorities, who finally rid the colony of this fearsome menace to life, found out that the Leopard Men actually believed that they were human counterparts of the deadly cats. They learned, too, that the members of the cult induced their leopard-like attitude, or thought they did, by drinking regularly of a "medicine-drink" called "borfima." This unholy concoction was made of the whites of eggs, rooster's blood, rice—and the blood and fat of a human being. The beverage was kept in special containers watched over by crazy high priests who taught their tribesmen that the "borfima" would lose its power if, from time to time, it was not kept potent with the blood and fat of freshly killed humans. It did not matter whether the victims necessary to the restoration of the brew were black or white, and when there were no enemies to be stabbed to death with the steel claws, then the Leopard Men selected some of their less desirable wives and children to keep the medicine up to its full strength.

Some years ago, before the British Government put a stop to the Leopard Men and their murderous antics, 30 murders were committed by the cult and the killings were getting more numerous and frequent all the time. Soldiers went into the bush and arrested more than 400 powerfully built blacks whom they brought to justice, together with many leopard hides, claw-daggers and crude jugs of "borfima." Only seven of the captured tribesmen were executed, but the trial went on for more than a year, and the bush was patrolled to keep the thugs from reorganizing.

Museum Piece Depicting the "Gangster of the Jungle," A Juju Man With Steel Claws Attacking a Sleeping Victim.



How the Sly Killers Slew Their Human Prey. The Great Steel Claws Tied to Their Wrists Were Supposed to Deceive Those Who Found the Bodies Into Believing That Animals Had Done the Slaying.

The Museum Piece in Brussels, Showing a Leopard Man in Full Murderous Regalia.

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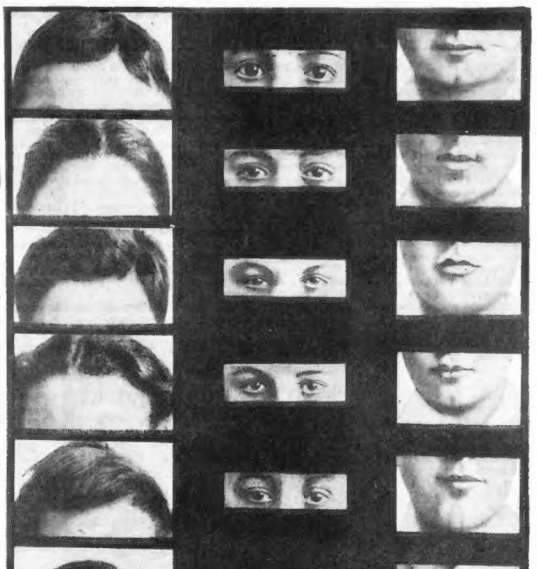
Why You Can't Judge a Person's Brains by His Face

Interesting New Tests With Photographs of Stupid and Highly Intelligent Persons Reveal Some Curious Popular Errors That the Features and Shape of the Skull Reveal the Intelligence of One

At the Left Is the Distinguished Lawyer and Statesman, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, and Right, Looking Almost Enough Like Him to Be His Brother, Is "Yellow Kid" Weil, One of the Most Notorious "Confidence Men" in the Country; the Resemblance Is Cited as One Proof That Character No More Than Intelligence Can Be Revealed by the Face.



Which of These Eight Foreheads, Eight Pairs of Eyes and Eight Mouths and Chins Do You Think Indicates the Greatest Intelligence? Pick Them Out, Then Read the Text of the Article and See How Close You Came to Being Right. Illustration From the Journal of Psychology, February, 1934. Copyright, 1934, by Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Reprinted by Permission.

The Narrow and Moderately Low Forehead of Charles M. Schwab, the Steel Magnate, and the Typical High, Broad Forehead of the Eskimo—But Behind Mr. Schwab's Forehead Is One of the Finest of Executive Brains, While There Is Comparatively Little if Any Brain at All, Behind That of the "Highbrowed" Eskimo Belle.

ALMOST everybody who applies for a job nowadays is asked to send a photograph. If an absent member of the family acquires a new wife or husband or even a possible candidate for one of these positions, the folks back home demand a photograph and examine it when it arrives with such remarks as "He certainly looks intelligent" or "I think she must be dumb." There even are "picture brides" and photograph husbands, married for better or worse on no firmer basis than the counterfeit presentment of a portrait.

All of which proves that humankind possesses an abiding faith in the idea that one's countenance discloses one's character, even if the appearance is only photographic; a belief which the experimental psychologists now say is completely and utterly wrong. Judging a person's character by his appearance is no more reliable than it would be to decide it on the basis of how many letters he has in his name or whether he happens to be tall and thin or short and fat.

It may not be quite as bad as the cartoonist's joke of looking through the family album and mistaking the organ grinder's monkey for Uncle Ephraim, but it is not much better. Experiments show the idea that faces disclose brains or the absence of them turns out to be entirely baseless.

Many experimental investigations have been made in which people were shown sets of photographs or other portraits and asked to judge the characters, intelligence, occupations and so on of the persons represented. Every such set of tests has failed. Recently a psychologist at Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio, Dr. Herbert Gurnee, carried out a still more conclusive experiment, the results of which he reports in "The Journal of Social Psychology," a publication of Clark University, at Worcester, Mass. Knowing that many people who pride themselves on being able to read character from faces say that they rely on the appearance of the eyes, the forehead or the mouth for their opinion, Dr. Gurnee cut a set of photographed faces into three parts, each showing one of these sections of the face. People then were asked to rate the faces concerned as to intelligence; using the entire face and each of the three parts of the face separately. Thus any greater reliability of character judgments based on the eyes, the mouth or the forehead would be disclosed.

None was disclosed. Instead, all of the judgments, whether based on the whole face or on any part of it, turned out to be so inaccurate that the general conclusion of the psychologists against the reliability of all such methods of character judging is confirmed. The popular idea that it can be done, that a high or low forehead, an alert or sluggish eye, has anything to do with character, is equally discredited.

In planning his experiment Dr. Gurnee was careful to avoid mistakes which have spoiled several previous series of tests, such as comparing photographs made under different circumstances, photographs showing indications in the surroundings and so on. For example, if people are asked to pick out the photograph of a college professor from a group of criminals, and if the photographs show the professor standing in front of a college blackboard or the criminals wearing the striped prison uniforms, it is natural that everybody will guess right.

For his experiment, Professor Gurnee chose eight boys between [illegible] and thirteen years old, taken from classes in the Cleveland schools. The boys were selected, on the basis of intelligence tests given in the schools, to range from very bright to quite dull. None was an obvious genius and none was too dull to stay in school, but it was believed that the normal extremes of the population in intelligence were represented reasonably well. Care was taken that all boys were dressed about alike, that none were glasses or had other distinguishing marks, and so on. All eight boys were photographed by the same professional photographer in exactly the same pose and with everything else as nearly alike as possible. Thus the judgment of anyone looking at the resulting eight photographs would not be clouded by any incidental difference. Nothing but the boys' characters would be judged.

First of all, the series of eight complete faces was shown to one hundred ordinary people, who were asked to judge which of the boys was most intelligent, which was least intelligent and how the other six boys ranked between these extremes.

The boy who actually was most intelligent, as shown by the intelligence tests checked by school records and in other ways, got only twenty-one votes for first place. The boy who was least intelligent by the tests got but eight votes for the last place, where he belonged. The boy voted most intelligent by the largest number of judges, forty-eight of them out of the 100, was the one ranked fifth in intelligence by the tests—well below the half-way point for the group. The boy who got the largest vote for being least intelligent, thirty-three votes out of 100, was actually the second most intelligent of the whole lot. Every one of the eight boys got at least two votes for first place and at least one vote for last place.

Next, Dr. Gurnee tried the different parts of the countenance. Each of the photographs was cut into three pieces, as illustrated on this page. Seventy-nine judges were shown each forehead in turn, then each pair of eyes, finally each mouth and chin. No judge knew which sets of features belonged together. They were merely asked to judge which forehead, which chin and so on indicated the most intelligence, which the least and which showed each rank in between.

Again the results were far from the truth. The boy who actually was most intelligent got only twenty-four votes for first place from his eyes, ten votes from his forehead and five votes from his mouth and chin. Boy number two now got more than fifty votes for last place based on his eyes and his mouth, but only three votes for dumbness on the basis of his forehead. Evidently this youngster, in spite of his unusually high real intelligence, had dumb looking eyes and mouth.

Other discrepancies were equally clear. Neither from the whole face nor from any of these three separate parts of it could ordinary people tell anything important about the kind of brains behind the face. Many other investigations having come out to exactly this conclusion, it may be considered certain. "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the bandit, whose face recently was pictured in this magazine in another connection, pleased everybody with his countenance, but his brains were something quite different. There are thousands of individuals whose misfortune it is to have their faces belie them in the other direction.

Robespierre, the "Butcher of the French Revolution," Who Ordered Thousands of Innocent Persons Guillotined, Looked Like a "Mild, Timid Schoolmaster."

Probably No Other President of the United States Had so Intellectual Appearing a Head as President Harding, but It Is Not Likely That He Will Go Down in History as a Great Executive.

Abraham Lincoln was called homely and dumb-looking until he became famous, or until he began to speak and his sincerity was manifest in what he said. Robespierre, sometimes called the "Butcher of the French Revolution," looked like a "mild, timid schoolmaster." The late President Harding, whom not even his best friends would rank among geniuses who have held the Presidency, possessed perhaps the most intellectual and inspiring countenance of all the distinguished individuals who have held that office.

President Harding was especially noted for his broad and lofty forehead, and while the word "high-brow" now has fallen into some disrepute as indicating persons who are too intellectual to be practical, it always has been a general belief that low brows indicate lack of intelligence while high brows suggest plenty of it, if not actually too much. Yet scientific measurements show this high-brow idea to be just as baseless as all the rest of the beliefs about the relations between faces and brains. Nor is there any truth in the idea that the height of the skull above the ears is a reliable indication of brain development and intelligence.

The distinguished American anthropologist, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of Washington, D. C., measured the heights of forehead of five groups of people; a group of American Negroes, one of Alaskan Eskimos, one of so-called "Old Americans" consisting of people whose families had been in this country for at least three generations, a group of American Indians and, finally, a group of members of the National Academy of Sciences, presumably among the ablest and most intellectual individuals who could be found.

One hundred and eighteen members of the National Academy could not be measured for the reason that they had no foreheads, or perhaps had too much of them, their hair having retreated to the [illegible] of their heads or even to the backs of their necks. Leaving these aside, the famous scientists proved to have brows not a fraction of an inch higher than ordinary individuals. The highest brows of all were found among the Eskimos. Next to them came the American Negroes, both sets being nearly a full half-inch higher of forehead than the average of the scientists or of other intelligent Americans.

Width between the eyes is another popular indication of character proved by the scientists to be equally baseless. Ordinarily it is said that unusual narrowness between the eyes indicates criminal tendencies, especially of preference for lying and fraud. No one ever has produced the slightest proof of this assertion. An English anthropologist, Dr. Leonard Williams, made a speech two years ago in which he asserted the exact contrary: that people who are too broad between the eyes not only are unreliable but are stupid.

Another of Dr. Williams' assertions in the same address was that ears which merge evenly into the side of the head, without having distinct lobes on them, or ears which are pointed at the top like miniature editions of the ears of cats or rabbits, also indicate criminal tendencies and are "throwbacks" or atavisms to prehuman apemen whose morals and intellects were none of the best. This idea about the lobeless ears was suspected, also, by the great Italian criminologist, Lombroso, who originated the theory that criminals are definitely marked in some way by facial or other abnormalities.

No doubt many Englishmen who happened to have pointed or lobeless ears were much distressed by the wide publicity given to Dr. Williams' remarks. Possibly these remarks had something to do with the revival immediately thereafter of the fashion of hiding feminine ears with hair, so that ones which happened to be shaped unsatisfactorily could be concealed. This all was unnecessary. Within a week after Dr. Williams' talk, scores of distinguished scientific men, including no less an authority than the famous expert on heredity, Professor Ruggles Gates, had printed vigorous statements denying the slightest evidence for any of Dr. Williams' ideas.

Still another popular idea is that a projecting jaw of the kind which scientists call "prognathous" characterizes people who are ruthless and often morally unscrupulous. So far from this being true, this projecting jaw has been possessed by some of the greatest and most enlightened rulers in European royal families. Only on the basis that all kings are necessarily villains could any idea be entertained of this jaw as a sign of inferior or dangerous minds. What really is true, it has been shown by Dr. F. Aguilar, of Madrid, Spain, is that this kind of jaw, like the equally famous "Hapsburg nose," is a strongly hereditary characteristic, which happened to be possessed by the famous King Alfonso Third of Spain, who reigned from 1155 to 1214, A. D., and whose blood and nose both are shared by several royal families of Europe.

A famous American newspaperman, the late Joseph Pulitzer, Senior, was admittedly an excellent judge of men, but had the remarkable belief that he accomplished this by looking at their noses. A man with a big nose was pretty sure, Mr. Pulitzer believed, to have unusual intellectual abilities. Small-nosed men Mr. Pulitzer avoided as probably dumb and useless. Napoleon, he said, used to select the marshals of his army chiefly on this same basis of the largeness of their noses.

If this really was true of Napoleon it is remarkable that so many of his marshals were good generals, for there is not the slightest scientific evidence back of Mr. Pulitzer's belief. A census of successful generals, Alexander the Great to General Foch, probably would show precisely the same average length of nose possessed by other people.

Probably what Mr. Pulitzer did judge by, and Napoleon, too, if it be true that he examined all the noses of his generals, was the general play of expression on the countenance he was examining. He may have imagined that he was looking at the nose only, but many other appearances and expressions probably were noticed at the same time. It is probable that persons experienced in judging other human beings really can tell a great deal by watching such changes of expression as another person thinks or talks.

Still another human characteristic which probably is a real index, in some degree at least, of the mind and of what goes on in it is the voice. For years novelists have been writing about villainous voices that make the blood of other people run cold, about seductive voices that allure or about voices of many other kinds which create or disclose ideas and emotions. Recently two experimental psychologists, Dr. G. W. Allport and Mr. H. Cantril, of Harvard University, have put this idea to the test.

A number of ordinary people were asked to act as judges of voices in one set of experiments conducted in the Harvard laboratories and in another set carried out over a Boston radio station. Even in the laboratory tests, the speakers were not seen while speaking, but were merely heard. The listeners then were given brief word descriptions of each speaker, or in some tests were allowed to see all the speakers together after the spoken tests were over. These listeners then were asked to match each speaker to each voice, either on the basis of the description supplied or on the basis of what they thought of the speakers when they saw them.

The percentage of success in identifying speakers in this way was large; much larger than could be explained by chance and much larger than Dr. Gurnee or other experimenters have obtained in judgments of personality based on photographs. Dr. Allport and Mr. Cantril conclude that there really is "something in it" so far as judging character by voices is concerned.

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Slain At Altar Refusing To Wed Girl He Loved

THREE men and a girl and a priest stood in the dimly lighted chapel of a monastery high in the San Carolus Mountains of Roumania recently. It must have been a strange scene as the five stood there, because two of the men held guns in their hands and their guns were trained against the body of the third. The girl was white-faced, and trembling. The priest, accustomed as he was to the stern code of his half-wild parish, looked helplessly on.

The two men with guns were brothers of the frightened girl. The young man they threatened was the son of one of the oldest and most noble families in the country. The two men and their sister were peasants.

Once the young nobleman had courted the girl, and their courtship was known throughout the region. Some thought it bad that a youth of noble birth should seek a commoner as a bride. Others felt that the nobleman showed good sense in choosing such a pretty and virtuous sweetheart, even though she was not of his own standing.

But most opposed of all to the marriage the young couple planned were the parents of the young man. They had selected another girl for his bride, a girl of his own class who would bring wealth and social standing as her dowry. Their son pleaded his love for his peasant sweetheart, but it did him no good. His father ordered him to forget the girl, and to apply himself to the courtship of the wife they had chosen for him. It is said that sons seldom disobey the commands of fathers, in the mountains of Roumania.

The youth abandoned the peasant girl. But peasant families, too, have their pride, and the courtship of their daughter had been known to nearly everyone in the village where they lived.

The Young Nobleman Turned Toward an Ikon and Crossed Himself. The Priest Snapped Shut His Watch. The Click Was Answered a Second Later by Exploding Guns. The Nobleman's Body Swayed, and He Slumped to the Floor, Dead.

Much as had the parents of the young nobleman, the family of the peasant girl held a council. And just as the father of the youth had commanded his son not to marry their daughter, the peasant father commanded his two sons to see that the young man did marry her.

It was late at night when the family council had ended, but the two brothers set out for the nearby castle to find the nobleman. He was walking in a garden in the moonlight, and the brothers, with their guns, forced him to go with them down a mountain trail that led to the ancient stone walls of the monastery.

The girl was already there when the three arrived. She was waiting with the priest, who had been roused from his bed to perform the forced marriage.

As the group stood about the altar, lighted only by the flickering glow from oil-soaked wicks that burned beneath the ikons that lined the walls of the chapel, the older of the two brothers delivered his ultimatum.

"You have courted our sister," he said, "and the whole village knows it. Now you have abandoned her. You must marry her, or die."

The young nobleman told his story. He had pledged himself, he said, to his family to marry the girl of their choice. He loved their sister, he told them, but he had pledged his word to his family.

"You pledged yourself first to our sister," the elder brother replied, "and that is the pledge you must carry out."

Still the young nobleman refused their demand. The brothers gave him five minutes in which to change his mind, or die. The priest was to be the timekeeper, and he drew a ponderous old style watch from beneath his cassock, and counted off the minutes.

The girl, sobbing, pleaded softly with her brothers to have mercy on the man she loved. The young nobleman stood, pale, but determined and looked into the two guns that menaced him. The brothers waited. The voice of the priest announced that a minute had passed, and then two.

The girl cried louder, and sought to cover her sweetheart's body with her own, thrusting her way past the black muzzles of the guns. One of the brothers drew her aside. The priest announced that three minutes had passed, and then four.

The young nobleman turned toward an ikon on the wall, and crossed himself. Perhaps he muttered a prayer, but he said nothing aloud.

The priest snapped shut the silver front of his watch. The click sounded loud in the silence of the chapel. It was answered a second later by the exploding guns.

While the four looked on, the brothers, the priest, and the girl, the young nobleman's body swayed forward, and then back. His hand reached out as though to grasp at the altar for support, and then he sank to the floor, dead.

The three looked on, the brothers and the priest, while the girl dropped to the ground beside the body of her lover. For a second she looked at his dead face, and then with a cry she wrenched something from a pocket in her dress and thrust it into her mouth. A few minutes later she was dead. She had swallowed poison.

The priest who had been awakened to perform a wedding ceremony, chanted a mass for the dead instead.

Missionary Buys 124 Girls To Save Them From Slavery

FATHER GSELL, who for twenty-three years has been the Apostolic Administrator of the wild and little known Northern Territory of Australia, is probably the only Catholic priest in existence who owns, having bought and paid for, more than a hundred human beings.

At the present time the priest owns one hundred and twenty-four girls of the bushman tribe he has sought to convert to the religion of Christianity and to Christian customs. They range in age from ten years to thirty-three.

He bought the girls from their fathers at prices that varied from two or three dollars' worth of tobacco and flour up to ten dollars' worth of trade goods.

When Father Gsell landed on the Island of Bathurst, some eighty miles north of Darwin and in a little explored section of the country, twenty-three years ago, and set up his mission, he found the island inhabited by the wild bushman tribes, known locally as "blackfellows."

They were the race of huge men described by the explorer De Rougemont, who, until a few years ago, was the only white man who had penetrated into the little known region.

The priest was horrified to learn that it was customary for the tribes to sell off many of the young girls — girls from ten to fifteen years old—to the Japanese sailors who visited the pearling grounds off Northern Australia.

The unfortunate girls were held in slavery by the Japanese during their stay in the pearling grounds and later sold to slave traders and dive keepers in Asiatic seaport towns. The price paid, then, was about two dollars' worth of tobacco.

Father Gsell sought some means of ending the traffic in girls, but although the natives were willing enough to be friendly toward him, and to embrace, at least outwardly, some of the tenets of his religion, they were not willing to change their customs entirely.

Women always had been looked upon as chattels by the bushman.

Father Gsell's preaching against the sale of their daughters, therefore, made little impression on their hairy black skulls. On one occasion, shortly after the priest's arrival at the island which was to become his headquarters, a Myoll warrior, member of one of the more ferocious bands on the island, staged a daring daylight raid on the village in which Father Gsell had his mission and stole a ten-year-old girl, carrying the screaming child off into the thick bush. A hastily formed war party followed the kidnaper, half-heartedly, but soon gave up the chase.

That night the girl who had been stolen appeared at Father Gsell's mission. She had escaped from her captor, but in her flight she had been struck by a spear which had passed through the calf of her leg.

Father Gsell took the child in, cared for her wound, and determined to hold her regardless of the consequences. But not even the priest had any idea what those consequences would be. He assumed that the hillman who had stolen the girl might advance on the village with a party of his own warriors and seek to take her back by force.

Instead the priest discovered, the next day, that the villagers themselves were arming a party in preparation to storming the mission to recapture the girl. Once retaken she would be turned over to the hillman who had stolen her.

Armed with spears and shields, and painted in a hideous fashion, the "war party" approached the mission. Father Gsell went out to interview them. They explained their code and demanded the girl. The priest asked if there was not some way in which the code could be satisfied, and the girl still remain with him.

The war party turned into a bartering squad. It was determined, finally, that the priest should give some tobacco and flour to the father of the girl, who would split the gift with the bushman who had stolen his daughter, and all would be satisfied.

Father Gsell had the usual white man's aversion to the purchase of a slave, but here, he felt, was a case where circumstances did alter cases. The priest bought the girl. The natives assumed that he had purchased her for a wife, and were ready to hold a celebration of the marriage, until the priest stopped them. He had bought the girl, he explained, but not with any intention of wedding her.

The bushmen couldn't understand his point, but the girl was his and if he wanted to keep her around as an ornament, instead, it made little difference to them.

Father Gsell Had No Other Way of Saving the Girl Except Purchasing Her. Afterward When He Wished to Save Other Girls From Slavery Among the Japanese Pearlers, He Would Have to Buy Them, and Now, His "Chattels" Number 124.

The following Spring a party of Japanese pearlers landed at the village in search of girls. There was a great palaver between the tribesmen and the Japanese, who sought to purchase five women. The priest was attracted to the scene and discovered fathers leading their daughters back and forth before the appraising eyes of the pearlers, in an effort at "salesmanship."

Once again the priest sought to stop this barbaric custom of the sale of humans, but with little success. One native remarked:

"You bought a girl yourself!"

There seemed only one way for the cleric to break up the auction. When the pearlers offered a bid on a girl, Father Gsell raised it. When the Japanese finally left without any purchases the priest discovered that he had spent fifty dollars' worth of trade goods and had bought ten girls.

In the years that have passed since that time he has accumulated the rest of his 124 proteges. He owns far the largest collection of women in that section of the country, and if he claimed them all as wives would have a high standing in local aristocracy.

Instead, however, he has kept them all as "ornaments," as the natives term it, and is giving them an education.

During his twenty-three years as a missionary Father Gsell has made a number of men converts, particularly among the younger members of the tribes, and he has had houses built for them, too, in the mission. When the girls reach a marriageable age, they are allowed to take a husband from among these young men, and their marriage is duly solemnized, not in the native fashion, but under the ceremony of the Catholic church.

Children born of these marriages are baptized into Christianity, and they, too, live at the mission. Because of the better sanitation, the more nourishing food and the supervised exercise in the mission village, it is now nearly as large as the "heathen" town and the Father believes that his charges shortly will be able to take over the government of the section and do away with the old customs.

Can't Have Her Cake And Eat It, Too

"THIS case is a very extraordinary one," remarked Judge Bonynge in the Superior Court of New York at a session in Mineola, Long Island, a suburb of York City, the other day. It was a remarkable case.

Mrs. Lucy F. Kirk had been injured in an automobile collision and brought suit against George Cisler, owner of the other car. And some strange things were developed in the testimony at the trial.

It appeared that Mrs. Kirk had trained as a nurse in a hospital ward and in her private practice she had seen broken legs, bleeding wounds and had listened to the groans and screams of patients suffering from aches and pains.

But Mrs. Kirk later on took up Christian Science. In spite of such aches and pains as she herself had felt and her experiences with suffering patients in the hospital, she accepted the teachings of the Christian Scientists that there is no sensation in matter. She brought herself, in spite of the evidence of her own senses, to believe that there is no pain in a toothache—it is a delusion. Since there are no real aches and pains in the world there is no sense in doctors or drug stores—the cure for a person smashed up in an automobile is the prayer of a Christian Science healer.

So Mrs. Kirk refused medical aid after the accident. And yet, in spite of denying that there is any reality in pain and believing that doctors are no good, Mrs. Kirk brought suit against the owner of the other automobile, and it was set forth by her lawyer that the accident had caused her what her faith would describe as illusional headaches, pains in the nose, a swollen wrist and tremors in the left hand.

Dr. Carl A. Hettesheimer of Hempstead, L. I., testified that although Mrs. Kirk's injuries were serious, she made a complete recovery under the treatment of a Christian Science healer.

She steadfastly refused any medical attention, Dr. Hettesheimer said. He was a witness for the defendant, George Cisler.

When all the testimony was in, Judge Bonynge turned to the jury.

"Were the injuries real? Was the blood real?" he asked. "If they were, she belongs in this court. If they were not real, as according to the teachings of the departed patron saint of Christian Science, then, of course, she has no place here."

"The case," Justice Bonynge continued in his comment in charging the jury, "is a very extraordinary one. The plaintiff was trained as a nurse and worked in hospitals.

"She has seen people die, even from such gruesome things as cancer, which wastes away the body, and yet she comes under the influence of a cult that teaches that this is all a great delusion; that those dying with cancer are out of tune with the infinite and with God; that there is nothing the matter with them.

"She adopts the teachings of a woman, leader of a cult, who is now dead and in her grave.

"She was no Messiah and no God, just a woman of bones, flesh and blood, and yet this plaintiff, who will die as you and I, with hundreds of thousands of others, has seen fit to put aside real science, the work and services of studious men who have abolished yellow fever, cholera and other diseases and even now are working to abolish tuberculosis, renounce them to adopt the belief that pain and illness are things of the imagination and not of reality.

"If pains are not real and fractures do not exist then obviously you have no position under the law to award damages that do not exist," the justice charged the jurors. "This lady of apparent refinement and culture was faced with the necessity of making a choice.

"If you find she denied the ministrations of a medical practitioner through a stubborn belief in the efficacy of prayer by a paid healer and that her recovery was retarded thereby you would be unfair to your oath if you charged Cisler with these injuries. If she claimed there is no pain and that the way of relief is through the teachings of Mrs. Eddy you cannot make Cisler pay except for the pain and suffering that could not be aided by the ministrations of medical science."

The jury showed in the verdict that it had been completely convinced by the arguments against Mrs. Kirk's position. It not only failed to award her one cent, but it awarded Cisler $75 for damages to his car in a counter suit he had brought against Mrs. Kirk's son, Payton Kirk, who was driving the car in which she was riding.

If aches and pains are not real then damages cannot be recovered for phantoms of the mind. The jury decided that Mrs. Kirk could not have her cake and eat it too.

Child's Story Wins Divorce For Father

THE lawyer for Joseph Campbell had put him on the witness stand and had shown by the husband's testimony that he had married his wife, Mildred, in 1923. There were two children born of the marriage, Marie, nine years old, and Angelina, eight. On April 13 of last year, Campbell testified, his wife had abandoned him. But the deserted husband had no evidence from his own personal knowledge to show that his wife had been guilty of misconduct which is necessary under the New York law to prove before a divorce can be granted.

At this point in the proceeding Stephen R. J. Roach, the lawyer for Campbell, arose and, addressing the judge in the White Plains, New York, Court, announced that he would now offer the testimony of nine-year-old daughter Marie to prove the delinquencies of her mother. But the courts are extremely cautious about accepting the testimony of children. Long experience has shown that fear of a parent may force a child to give false testimony or other reasons may make the testimony of the little one unreliable. There is no law forbidding the testimony of a child—it is a matter of judgment for the presiding judge to consider all the circumstances, observe carefully the child while testifying and then decide whether the evidence the little one has offered is credible.

As little Marie, with childish steps, moved to the witness chair and sat wonderingly on the edge, staring at Judge Bleakley, Lawyer Roach approached and started to ask a question.

"One moment!" the judge said as he held up his hand to restrain the lawyer. "I will ask the child a few questions first."

Then turning to the little girl Judge Bleakley said in a friendly voice:

"Now, Marie, do you know what an oath is?"

The girl's innocent eyes opened wider as she looked with puzzled gaze on the robed judge.

"No, sir," she said frankly.

"The Testimony of the Child," Said the Court, "Has Been Closely Scrutinized. I Am a Father of Three Children and Capable of Passing on the Credibility of This Girl. The Decree of Divorce Is Granted."

"Now, Marie," the judge continued tenderly, "do you know what it is to tell the truth?"

"Oh, yes sir," came the quick reply.

"Do you know, Marie, what happens if you do not tell the truth?"

Unhesitatingly the child said: "Yes, yes! Little girls are punished when they do not tell the truth. It isn't nice to lie. It is bad."

"That's right, child," remarked the judge softly.

"I know it's right," said Marie, "because Daddy told me never to tell a lie."

"If you do tell a lie, who will punish you?" was the next question, asked in a sympathetic, fatherly manner.

"God will punish me. God knows everything."

"Who else could punish you if you told a lie here?"

"The Judge, sir."

"When would God punish you?"

"If I lied."

"When would the judge punish you?"

"If I got caught."

Long experienced in trial work, Justice Bleakley let a wry smile cross his face. Then he said, turning to the attorney:

"Proceed, Counsellor. This child is a competent witness."

Lawyer Roach then addressed the youthful witness.

"What do you remember about April 13, 1933, Marie?" asked the attorney.

"Mother and a man took sister and me on a trip," came the answer.

"Who was that man?"

"Rocco Mantano."

"Where did you go?"

"We started for Niagara Falls, but stopped twice on the way."

"Where did you stop?"

"I don't remember where, but it was at hotels."

"What did you notice when you stopped at the hotels?"

"I noticed Daddy was not there, and that Mother stayed in the same bed with Rocco."

"When you reached Niagara Falls, what happened?" continued the attorney.

"We stayed at a hotel. Angelina and I slept in one bed while Mother and the man slept in the other."

"How long were you there?"

"Two weeks."

"Then you came home?"

"Yes. We came home. We stopped twice at hotels on the way back. When we got to New York we stayed at another hotel."

"That's all, Marie," concluded the attorney.

Addressing himself to the Court the attorney said: "Your Honor has had wide experience with witnesses and, I do not hesitate to say, has reached that degree of wisdom by which you know when the truth has been spoken. I rest my case with this child's clear and truthful testimony."

The judge replied thoughtfully:

"It appears that Joseph Campbell applies for a decree of divorce from his lawful wife, Mildred; that he predicates such claim on the usual grounds required by law in New York State. The testimony of a child of nine has been closely scrutinized by the Court. The child witness alleges that on certain dates her own mother was delinquent with one Robert Mantano. The defendant wife has been served with notice of this action and has not appeared to defend her rights.

"I am a father of three children," the judge continued. "I feel that I am capable of passing on the credibility of this young girl. The decree of divorce is granted."

So it came to pass that a fatherly judge, learned in the law and wise in the ways of human beings, signed the irrevocable decree of law, giving to the wronged engineer his freedom and custody of his children.

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France's Cruel Ingratitude to the Dolly Sisters

The Big Diamond That Caused All the Trouble.

After the Pair Spent a Fortune There, Encouraged Millionaires to Spend Other Fortunes, the Government Outrageously Fines Jenny Almost $1,000,000 Because She Failed to Pay the Tax Upon a Paltry $250,000 Ring Presented to Her by One of Her Admirers

The Dolly Sisters Before Jenny's Cruel Accident and When They Were the Rage in Paris.

The Beautiful Home of the Dolly Sisters at Fontainebleau, Near Paris, Showing the Swimming Pool Made of Carrara Marble Imported From Italy. The Chateau Is in the Background—Gone Now, Alas! With Most of the Other Fruits of Their Industry.

PARIS, July 26.

IN SPITE of pleas and sarcastic criticism from almost every country on both sides of the Atlantic, the French Government relentlessly insists that Jenny Dolly, of the celebrated dancing sisters, must pay every franc of a staggering fine, equivalent to $757,025, because she didn't pay a luxury tax on a $250,000 diamond ring.

"She evaded a debt to the French Government," the French say. "It is execrable, like those disgusting Germans who are evading their indemnity to France."

Some have suggested that since France has repudiated her own debts to the United States, the nation might be a bit lenient with this woman who with her sister Rosika, has spent millions of dollars in France, to say nothing of attracting there many of the world's richest men, who left many millions more.

"Abominable thought!" answer the practical French. "Our war debts are another matter and France needs the money herself."

But Jenny Dolly, as has been urged, needs it even more. She has not only lost her great wealth but her health and beauty, too. The artiste's 30-room chateau and estate in the village of Avon, near Fontainebleau, with its treasures of art, including paintings attributed to Raphael and Rembrandt, gold-leaf mural decorations costing 1,500,000 francs ($100,000), swimming pool made of marble specially imported from Italy, racing stables, golf course, fish pond, etc., has gone under the hammer, to satisfy her creditors.

At the Hotel Drouot, recently, all her pearls, diamonds and emeralds were sold for 4,648,000 francs ($309,866), less than a fifth of their value, including the 52-carat diamond ring for which the government must now have its pound of flesh and her heart's blood with it, if necessary.

Jenny Dolly is now comparatively poor. Since France is supposed to be such a gallant nation, would it not be a nice gesture of gratitude, if now the government would give her back a comparatively small crumb of the profits this dancer has brought to its people and its treasury, by remitting the fine?

"Impossible!" say the Frenchmen. "Absurd! Does the farmer give any of her milk back to his cow?"

However, to show what good sports they are as long as it does not cost anything, the French generously let her out of serving a three-day sentence in jail, which had also been imposed.

The story of this unlucky gem, as far as Jenny is concerned, began in 1928, at the very peak of her wealth and power and left her stripped of everything. It was a Winter morning at Cannes. Jenny was strolling along the Croisette Esplanade, followed by an admiring crowd, thrilled at getting a free look at this celebrity. And ah! who was that distinguished looking gentleman on whose arm she so lightly hung? The answer was whispered through the crowd:

"It is no less than that very rich M. Gordon Selfridge, the department store magnate of London, who is her latest and perhaps greatest conquest. They say he will buy her anything she fancies. Voila! It is about to happen."

Jenny's bright eye had caught something even brighter, a diamond, flashing at her like a small sunset, from the window of a jeweler's shop, a branch of Chaumet, of Paris.

To the delight of all, with one possible exception, she then, exactly like Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" took her "Mr. Ginsberg" shopping in that store. Though not as large as Princess Mathilde's famous "Semi-Regent," the stone which the crowd now saw M. Vigier, manager of the store remove from his window, is much more beautiful because it has much more "fire." The two were in there a long time and when they emerged the spectators almost cheered in their enthusiasm. M. Vigier had not returned the treasure to the window and the contrasting expressions of Jenny and her admirer suggested why. They had seen history being made in the diamond business.

For six weeks that gorgeous stone glittered from Mlle. Dolly's hand and caused more talk than any in modern times except when Mlle. "Primrose" Thuillier, the "Baccarat Queen," with her pear-shaped "diamant bleu," a gift from the Czar, convinced everyone, that regardless of any previous mistakes, she had this time made no error in selecting a boy-friend.

But Jenny, like many another spendthrift, has her thrifty moments which are usually more expensive than her extravagances. There is a luxury tax of 12 per cent on these gew-gaws, but not if they are bought for export. Jenny and M. Vigier thought they would save this expense by exporting the stone. It was duly sent across the Channel to the London branch of Chaumet, together with one-half of a torn playing card, the ace of diamonds.

A few days later M. Feliz Rosenberg, Jenny's secretary, presented the other half of the card, collected the gem and smuggled it back to his boss in France. If she had kept the jewel in her vault, the deception would never have been discovered. But of course such a treasure is not to be hidden but to put out the jealous eyes of rivals, which Jenny proceeded to do with great success.

Unfortunately Customs officers also have eyes and it was not long before M. Rodanet, Advocate of the Direction Generale des Douanes, "cracked down" on the dancer with a suit for 1,000,000 francs ($740,000), being twice the value of the smuggled gem, plus fines, costs, etc.

It seems that Jenny's sister Rosy had been caught in a similar, but smaller, bit of thrift and gotten away with an insignificant fine. But this time the collectors were unwilling to "listen to reason," so Jenny decided she would have to bring political pressure to bear. In France the surest way is to retain some influential parliamentary lawyer to handle the case.

Jenny Dolly chose M. Anatole de Monzie, known in political circles as "petit Machiavel," while M. Vigier, who was also involved, employed M. Lucien Lamoureux, a cabinet member. These gentlemen certainly knew their "political onions" and went to work. The case came up originally at Paris before Magistrate Pages, of the 13th Correctional Court, on May 6, 1931, and was indefinitely postponed. In 1933, M. Lamoureux became chief administrator of the Regie (which includes the Customs), and M. de Monzie was appointed Minister of Public Instruction. With such high protection, the tax-dodging dancer and her jeweler had little to fear, and their worries were further lightened by the death of M. Rosenberg.

Jenny Dolly Before Her Beauty Was Marred.

Carefree Jenny now deserted the stage to play at gambling tables, where her luck was phenomenal — for a while. At Nice, she won five million francs ($340,000) in one night from Amletto Battisti, a notorious character, who has lately been expelled from France, while at Le Touquet she gained twelve million francs in two days' play at baccarat.

Then the inevitable happened. The dancer's almost incredible luck turned, swallowing up her winnings and rapidly eating into the rest of her fortune. Ill-fortune beset her from all directions. A style-shop, which she and Rosy had opened at Paris, was so mismanaged that the sisters were forced to sell it at a great financial loss. Then they rented the Theatre Edouard VII, refurnished the place, hired a troupe of players, bought expensive costumes, and started a revue. This venture, too, proved disastrous. After two performances, the troupe disbanded, and M. Alphonse Franck, director of the playhouse, stepped in and demanded 40,000 francs, ($2,700) for the musicians they had employed. Rosy and Jenny remonstrated, asserting such a sum for "two nights of music" was outrageous. Nevertheless, the court decided in Franck's favour.

Although Rosy had a run of luck by marrying Mr. Irving Netcher, rich Chicagoan, Jenny's ill-fortune continued. On March 2, 1933, at Cavignac—thirty miles from Bordeaux—she was the victim of a motor accident. Her car skidded into a tree while she was speeding along at seventy miles an hour with a boy friend, Max Constant, the movie actor. The left side of her face was badly cut by splintered glass; two ribs were broken, one of which pierced a lung; and her stomach was pushed into the lung chamber.

On June 17, 1933, Miss Dolly was taken to the Maison de Sante Perronet in Neuilly, where Dr. Soupault, assisted by Professor Baumgarten, performed a successful operation, putting her stomach back in its proper place. However, they were not able to eliminate the scars on her face, and Jenny wonders whether it will ever be normal again so that she may return to the footlights.

To cheer her up, Rosy vowed that, if necessary, she would disfigure her own face so as to look like Jenny, providing the latter's plastic surgery proved a failure.

Miss Dolly thought she could recoup by having the Credit Municipal (Paris official hock-shop) auction off her jewels that had cost her 20,000,000 francs ($1,300,000). The gems ranged in variety from the celebrated 52 carat diamond ring and an emerald of 40.90 carats, through pearl necklaces of perfectly matched gems—one containing 198 such pearls—to bracelets thickly encrusted with diamonds and emeralds, ear-rings unbelievably weighted with the same stones, to magnificent brooches, a gold bag with diamonds and rubies, and a black pearl that formerly belonged to Gaby Deslys, the dancer. Yet all these glittering trinkets, which filled 23 exhibits at the Hotel Drouot auction-rooms, brought only 4,648,000 francs ($309,866)—about a quarter of their value. Jealous rivals of the dancer can no longer say that Jenny owns enough jewelry to cover her reputation.

At the time occurred a comedy drama scene in which nobody realized that one character was the shadow of dreadful events about to come. When Jenny's 52-carat ring, which, to be exact, is 51.75 carats, was put up for auction, two women were the chief bidders at first. One of them was Mabel Boll, known as the "Queen of Diamonds," and the other Mme. Arlette Stavisky, wife of the bond swindler, whose corruption of high French officials was soon to cause his death and almost a revolution.

The two women, who delight in attracting attention, bid against each other, as if money were no object until at 1,500,000 francs ($100,000), Mabel suddenly remembered that this was not stage money and retired. The Stavisky woman got the same idea at 1,600,000 francs and let M. Esders, owner of a chain of fashion shops, capture the prize with a bid of only 25,000 francs ($1,600) more.

Then came the final blow. The Stavisky scandal and the riots of last February caused French officialdom to become "horribly honest." M. de Monzie (Little Machiavelli) was sufficiently close to the national disgrace to lose all his political influence and, though M. Lamoureux weathered the storm and became Minister of Commerce, he had to be so straight as "to lean backward," causing him to inform M. Vigier that it was no longer possible to "assist" him.

In despair, Jenny Dolly implored M. Jose Thery to take her case, and he accepted. In 1926, he had helped the dancer win half a million francs in a suit she had brought against M. Foucret, director of the Moulin Rouge Theatre, and Miss Dolly now hoped he would be able to prove how innocent she was. On April 26, 1934, she appeared before Judge Aveille, claiming in very bad French that she was completely innocent of the charge of tax-evasion, putting all the blame on her secretary who didn't care because he was dead. After hearing the arguments of M. Thery, who wanted to know if the diamond ring was really worth four and one-half millions francs (about $300,000), the case was taken under advisement. On June 9, M. Limnet, Presiding Judge, sentenced her to three days in jail and that fine of more than three-quarters of a million dollars.

Jenny took an appeal, also she "took French leave" to England. She says she hasn't got any such sum to pay, not even $1,000 and if she ever does get it would rather live in England all her life than "feed the frogs with it." Along with everything else Jenny lost her acquired American citizenship because she forgot to return to the United States within the required year. However, being an American would hardly have been an advantage before a French court.

It left her a woman without a country but, having been born in Hungary, she managed to obtain a Hungarian passport, without which it would have been impossible to obtain sanctuary in England. Jenny complains that her income has been cut down to a mere 20,000 francs ($1,330) a week which she says isn't nearly enough for her to live on, though some people would think it a princely income.

One single pearl of a necklace that went for "a song" at that auction, caused a grand excitement at Nice in 1932. While her sister Rosy was honeymooning in America, Jenny, with Grand Duke Boris of Russia, Paul Dubonnet and his wife the former Jean Nash, Gordon Selfridge, several high French government officials and other dignitaries had lunch at the Beaulieu Restaurant. Suddenly Jenny discovered that one pearl, about the size of a sparrow's egg, was missing.

Jenny has often said that she really never cared much for her jewels but this seems to have been an exception, perhaps for sentimental reasons, and she communicated her dismay to the rest of the party. Presently the other customers were treated to the sight of a Grand Duke, a department store "King" and half a dozen other notables, scrambling around on their hands and knees with the waiters, peeping under tables and feeling in the cuffs of gentlemen's trousers. The excitement did not subside until Jenny's chauffeur found the missing pearl on the floor of her car.

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Celebrating the Tragedy of the Pied Piper

From Homes, Street and Playgrounds the Children Flocked to Follow the Piper as He Led Them Out of Town and to Their Doom in the Hole in the Mountain.

The Beguiling of the Rats as the Pied Piper Kept His Part of the Bargain to Completely Rid the Town of the Pests.

Six Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Pitiful Legend to Be Marked by Fetes in the Old German Town of Hamelin Where the Inhabitants' Ancestors Cheated the Piper

"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," "Jack the Giant Killer" and the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," are perhaps the best known children's stories—known and remembered from earliest childhood throughout the civilized world. Of course, "Little Red Riding Hood" never existed, and "Jack," who outwitted the wicked giant, is fiction, but there is some substance to the story of the "Pied Piper," and the 650th anniversary of his exploits is being celebrated this Summer in the ancient town of Hamelin—now spelt Hameln—in Germany.

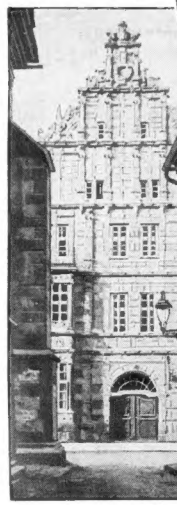
The present inhabitants of the old German village are, many of them, descendants of the people who made the bargain with the wandering piper. The old village was overrun with rats, which swarmed through the homes, the shops, the streets and barns and outhouses. When the Piper came to town and agreed to rid the people of the pests, a price was agreed on, and the Piper performed his contract efficiently. But the thrifty and dishonest inhabitants, finding themselves cured of the pests, repudiated their bargain. In revenge, the Piper struck up another magic tune, and the children of the town swarmed out, as the rats had in response to his earlier tune. Playing his pipe, the children came from far and near, tossed their toys away and gayly followed the mysterious stranger. Through the streets and out to the countryside he led the little parade to a mountain near the town, which opened and swallowed them up.

The present celebration is, of course, a memorial to the disreputable trick the ancestors played on the Piper. But this seems to be forgotten, and a monument will be erected to the Piper who thoroughly well punished the old skinflints of 650 years ago. A Pied Piper play will also be produced, and some of the actors will take the part of their discreditable ancestors who thought they could swindle the magical Piper.

Perhaps they feel that the disgrace of repudiating the debt was wiped out by the subsequent mystery over the loss of the children—perhaps with somewhat characteristic European unconcern in regard to burdensome obligations, they have never felt that there was any particular disgrace attached to the repudiation of debts contracted in times of desperation.

As a matter of fact, early accounts of the transaction touch upon this very point, excusing the dishonesty of the burghers on the grounds that they were so distressed by the plague of rats they were willing to promise anything—even the thousand guilders the Piper asked, which was a lot of money in those days. Harassed by the rats, they agreed to so great a sum all the more readily since they never for one moment believed the Piper capable of carrying out his fantastic proposal.

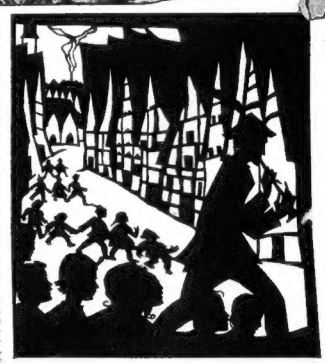
The natives of Hamelin believe the story, or insist that they do, and have undertaken in every way to give credence to the legend. In their municipal museum they have accumulated a mass of literature and other exhibits tending to prove that the incident actually occurred—among other things a pen drawing on parchment made at the time the Piper is supposed to have lived, and said by some commentators to be an actual sketch of him. The Piper's reputation for being vindictive is certainly strengthened by the baleful expression in the accompanying photograph of this old parchment. A more modern representation of the Piper, followed by the children of the town, is also shown in an accompanying photograph of an interesting silhouette that now hangs in the city hall of Hamelin.



The Old Pied Piper House at the Head of the Street. It Is From Here, the Legend Relates, That the Piper Led the Children Out of Town and Into the Mountain.

Panoramic View of the Ancient City of Hamelin Showing in the Background, at the Right, the Famous Mountain Into Which the Pied Piper Led the Children.

Old Pen-Drawing on Parchment, Said to Have Been Made at the Time When the Pied Piper Was Supposed to Have Lived.



Silhouette of the Pied Piper as It Hangs in the City Hall at Hamelin.

To this day the people of Hamelin point to an ancient structure on Osterstrasse, or Easterstreet, as the Rattenfanger Haus, or Ratcatcher House. An inscription on the exterior of this house, dated 1284 and commemorating the Outgoing of the children and another inscription on the Hochzeitshaus, or Wedding House, at the other end of Easterstreet, are cherished and carefully preserved.

It was from the Ratcatcher House that the Pied Piper set out with the ill-fated children in his wake, making his way along Easterstreet past the Wedding House, and through a street known afterwards through the Middle Ages as Bungelosestrasse—that is, Drumless Street, or in other words, the street of no music. This street is known now as Bungen Street, and it is still a tradition in Hamelin that no one shall play a musical instrument, sing or dance in this street.

Another tradition that was observed in Hamelin through the Middle Ages was the dating of all official records and documents not only with the calendar date but also with the length of time that had passed since the Outgoing of the children. Several 16th Century writers who visited Hamelin have told of seeing such notations in the ancient town books, which have long since been destroyed or lost.

The earliest account of the tragedy was given by Fincelius, who wrote in 1556 that about 180 years earlier the Devil appeared in human guise and lured 130 children away from the town. It was not until several years later that writers began to tell of rats in connection with the story. Wier, who visited Hamelin in 1567, says the cause of the trouble was a plague of dormice. Kirchner of Fulda, who wrote about the same period, says they were shrew-mice and mice.

Several modern writers have cited the fact that naturalists say the black rat did not find its way into Europe until the beginning of the 16th Century, and the brown rat until the middle of the 18th Century. Nevertheless, in numerous old works that antedate the Hamelin story there are sufficient references to rats to support the belief that there might very well have been rats—and plenty of them—in Hamelin as far back as 1284.

Further evidence in support of the truth of the story was recorded in 1571 by a writer who tells of seeing a window in the church of St. Nicholas commemorating the Outgoing. This church still stands in Hamelin, but the window is supposed to have been destroyed, either by the invading French, who used the building as a hospital, or the invading English, who used it as a flour store-house. In 1678, Nathaniel Wanley, in "The Wonders of the Little World, or a General History of Man," tells of seeing a church window in Hamelin commemorating the Outgoing.

As the years passed, instead of declining, interest in the story increased—particularly in regard to its credibility. In 1659, Martin Schoock wrote a learned book, Fabula Hamelensis, to prove the story was a myth, and about the same time, Erichius published his Exodus Hamelensis, contending that the legend was true.

The first English version was published in 1605 in Richard Verstegan's "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence." He speaks of it as a "most true and marvelous strange accident that happened in Saxony not many ages past." Verstegan refers to the fact that in his time there was a community of Saxons living in Transylvania who had surnames similar to those of the burghers of Hamelin.

In this is to be found a natural explanation of what happened to the children who followed the Pied Piper—and there are writers who believe that instead of being swallowed up in the mountain, they merely passed over it, and having a good lead on their parents, were never found, but later grew up in Transylvania.

References, discussions and explanations of the story are also to be found in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Heylin's "Microcosmos," James Howell's "Familiar Letters, Domestic and Forren," Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, Second Series," Dr. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," Reifenstein's edition of Springer's "Geschichte der Stadt Hameln," and John Fiske's "Myths and Myth-Makers." In 1866, the Brothers Grimm published an account derived from ten different early sources, in their "Deutsche Sagen."

Naturally, since the story has been told so many times and written by so many authors, during the centuries it has been subjected to numerous variations, and a number of discrepancies have been discovered. All writers who tell the story as a true occurrence, however, agree upon the essential details.

Hamelin was infested with rats, a mysterious Piper appeared and offered to rid the town of the pests for a large fee, and after he had piped the rats into the River Weser, the burghers refused to pay the fee. He threatened, they defied him, and he blew his pipe again, leading the children of the town into the mountain Koppenburg. On these essential points, the old writers agree.

But some give the date as June 26, 1284—and this is accepted by the people of modern Hamelin, and therefore 1934 is the 650th anniversary which is being celebrated in the festival this Summer as the true date of the Outgoing. Others give the date as July 22, 1376, which is the date used by Robert Browning in his celebrated poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Some writers say the exodus occurred on Easter morning, others on the festival of St. John and St. Paul, others on St. Mary Magdalene's Day. But according to the "Chronology of History," by Sir Harris Nicholas, none of the fetes fell on either June 26, 1284 or July 22, 1376.

At any rate, whatever the date, from all accounts the burghers and their wives were apparently attending services in the church of St. Nicholas when the Piper took his revenge. Various names have been given to the Piper, but the weight of evidence is in favor of Bunting, which name he received on account of his motley clothing. In some accounts a lame boy is the only survivor, who being unable to keep up with the procession, arrived just as the cavern in the mountain closed up. In other accounts, a lad ran back for his coat, and accordingly remained to tell what had happened. Another account tells of two children, one blind and the other deaf, who arrived in the wake of the procession just a few moments too late. The blind child, on returning home, was unable to tell where the children had disappeared but he could describe the marvelous seductiveness of the piping, and the deaf child could tell where the children had been swallowed up into the mountain, but was wholly mystified as to why they had followed the Piper, for he had heard nothing at all. In still another account, a nursemaid who was some distance away with a babe in her arms told that she felt the strange attraction also, apparently as a result of having the child in her arms.

There seems to be little doubt in the minds of writers who have considered the legend seriously that it might have been possible for a mysterious Piper to be able to play such strange music as to lure the rats into the river. It is a well known fact that certain types of music have a pronounced effect upon various animals, and there are any number of incidents in legends and mythology based upon this fact. Any person today who possessed the Pied Piper's skill would certainly have plenty of work at hand, and would be able to name his own price and get it, for the economic loss from rats in this country alone amounts to millions of dollars every year. Energetic campaigns on an international scale have been carried on for thirty years against rats, but they continue in increase in alarming numbers.

Of all the accounts of the Pied Piper, the poem written by Robert Browning in 1842 is the most popular and the best known. Browning dashed off this poem for the small son of William Macready, the celebrated actor. The boy had a talent for drawing, and the poem was written merely to give him a story to illustrate. Browning himself thought little of the work, and it probably would never have been published if he had not dug it up one day when printers were in dire need of additional "copy" to fill out a collection of his "Dramatic Lyrics" that appeared in the third number of "Belles and Pomegranates."

Stories similar to that of the Pied Piper are told of a Fiddler of Bradenberg, who led children into the Marienberg, and of an old man of the mountain who led the children of Lorch into the Tannenberg. In 1240, a Capuchin named Agionini is said to have led domestic animals into the river at Draucy-les-Nouis near Paris, in revenge for not being paid for ridding the town of rats. In Ireland, there is a legend that a piper led children into Cave Hill near Belfast. Giouf, a dwarf, has been accredited by legend with leading the rats of Ispahan into a river with the music of lute and pipe. Stories that bear a close resemblance to that of the Pied Piper are also to be found among the tales of the Persians and the Chinese, and also in Abyssinia.

One of the most comprehensive accounts of the Pied Piper story is given by Mrs. Eliza Gutch in the June, 1892, issue of Folklore. Mrs. Gutch visited Hamelin and made a study of all the evidence conversed with the story. In summing up her findings she says:

"Is the episode of the Pied Piper credible? is the question that has been for some time before me; and at the risk of incurring your scorn, I answer yes. A few accretions, such as no tradition or even frequently rewritten story is likely to avoid, must of course be cleared off; and this may easily be done and then I think nothing will be found remaining that any reverent-minded folklorer need decline to hold."

Her opinion is apparently enthusiastically shared by the people of modern Hamelin, who—whatever they may think of the behavior of their ancestors in cheating the piper of his fee—have converted that old tragedy into the motive of a municipal festival.

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Her Desperate Efforts to Hold Her Husband's Love

Astonishing Revelations in Court of the Persistence and Ingenuity of the Wife of Lindley Murray Hussey, the Novelist, to Keep Him Out of the Clutches of Another Woman Who Was Determined to Possess Him

Mrs. Grace Tetlow Sauveur, Accused by Mrs. Hussey of Being a Love Pirate Who Stole Her Husband's Affections.

The Secluded Rose-Covered Cottage Near Lambertville, Pennsylvania, Where Mr. Hussey and Mrs. Sauveur Were Spending a Week-End When Mrs. Hussey Caused Their Discovery by Her Extraordinary Story That She Had Murdered Them.

Looking Long and Thoughtfully at the Window Where Her Husband Seemed to Be Quietly Reading, Suspicions Began to Rise in Mrs. Hussey's Mind. The Figure Did Not Move and the Light Did Not Seem to Be Quite Right. Suddenly It Dawned on the Watching Wife That Her Husband Had Fixed Up a Dummy Figure With a Wax Head—and Seizing a Milk Bottle She Threw It With Excellent Aim and Knocked the Head Off the Dummy.

Mrs. Lindley Murray Hussey, the Aggrieved Wife.

Mr. Hussey, the Novelist, Whose Own Experiences With His Wife Supplied Plenty of Real-Life Material.

"THE next evening when my husband started undressing, I saw on his right shoulder, two bites. I said:

"'Hussey, you have been out with another woman.'"

Thus began Mrs. Hussey's thrilling story of how that fiery Venezuelan wife of Lindley M. Hussey, the American novelist, knew that a rival was stealing her husband. A Philadelphia judge and jury listened spellbound to the ingenuity and desperation with which the South American woman fought to hold her man. At the end they rewarded the gallant fighter for a lost cause with a $25,000 verdict. But Mrs. Hussey wept. She would rather have had that husband, such as he is, than the money.

Mr. Hussey being a fiction writer, author of "Odalisque" and other novels, is naturally a man of considerable imagination and is said to have used it in trying to fool his wife but it was nothing to the genius she showed in that line. According to her story, they were living at Parker Ford, Pa., when Hussey started this competition in fictionizing their lives. After the shoulder-bites incident, Mrs. Hussey was quite certain that the biter was Mrs. Grace Tetlow Sauveur, daughter of the late Henry Tetlow, perfume manufacturer.

She knew it must be Grace because that lady "had been divorced several times and a slice off a cut loaf will never be missed." Also she belonged to that literary set of "advanced free-and-easy thinkers" with radical ideas about marriage and morals. Besides this she had observed how Grace flattered the novelist and how he responded. This is not evidence for a law court but it is all a wife needs to know in the courts of love, so Mrs. Hussey got busy.

"I began telephoning Mrs. Sauveur, at her home, Broad Axe, in Ambler, Pa.," she said. "In November I went to see her at her home. I begged her to leave my husband alone. I told her she was a free woman and could find a single man wherever she pleased and I was married to my husband and we were living happily together. I asked her to leave my husband alone.

"But she told me that he enjoyed her society more than he did mine and that I should be the one to have pride enough to leave him alone. She said she loved my husband and would not give him up. I warned her and told her I would give her a fight.

"For a few months after that, Mr. Hussey did return to me at Parker Ford. Then he began going away again in the evenings. He told me that he was going over to his mother's house, 'for peace and quiet,' so he could work on his next book. He knew I might suspect this peace and quiet and investigate, which I did. As I quietly approached the house, the first first thing I saw was my husband's familiar profile, evidently sitting at a table, his head bent, as if studiously reading."

The wife did not wish to be caught spying on her husband and started home but, after a while, she turned back for another look. It struck her that he would not sit that way long because the light was not right for reading, a detail of which literary people are always most particular. Therefore he must have been there just to read something very short, like a note. Whose note? Perhaps that note would send him to a rendezvous with this "peace and quiet" which she feared was more than an abstract idea. Back she ran, fearing that he had gone. But no, he was not only still there but had not moved a muscle.

Mrs. Hussey was "intrigued," as her novelist husband would have described it. After watching the motionless figure half an hour, she was worse than that, she was downright suspicious. This gradually turned into certainty as she slowly approached the window. The countenance she had been staring at was nothing human. It was just a dressed up dummy with a wax mask, made by one of her husband's numerous artist friends to resemble him.

The deceived woman's fury knew no bounds. This was a mean trick on her as a wife but though ingenious, it was not new. She knew that the late Conan Doyle's great character Sherlock Holmes had planted a similar wax dummy of himself near a window to fool the wicked Mr. Moriarty. Moriarty was all that was evil and base and deserved to be deceived while she was a good wife. Holmes had the foresight to get his landlady, every few minutes, to crawl into the room and shift the dummy's position. Mr. Hussey had not thought this necessary which was an insult to his wife's intelligence. Worse than that, the idea was not original. He, a fiction writer, had committed plagiarism on his own wife, she thought, and that was unendurable.

The outraged woman's hand closed on the first weapon she could find which happened to be a milk bottle. With marvellous aim, she hurled it through the window and knocked her husband's (dummy's) head off. Down in Venezuela, where women are women, they learn to shoot straight and even to throw straight.

This vigorous action relieved her feelings somewhat and she knew Friend Husband would not try that game again, but it did not solve her problem. Though since that first occasion, Mrs. Hussey had not found anything more romantic than mosquito bites on her husband, she had her reasons for believing that on his frequent disappearances to "get material for his writing," it was a kind of material that a married man should get only in his own home. The Latin-American woman was sure that somewhere within ten to fifty miles must be a love-nest whose peace and quiet she yearned to disturb. Detectives no doubt would have found it for her but Mr. Hussey had too much imagination to provide a suspicious wife with funds to pay for his own shadowing.

In this predicament Mrs. Hussey revealed an inventive ingenuity far beyond her husband's own best literary efforts. It seems strange that a novelist would leave a wife capable of supplying him ideas that most writers would hardly be able to concoct, after many hours of thought and quarts of black coffee.

Mrs. Hussey had observed that among the imposing army of state and county employes, there were sheriffs, detectives and police of various kinds who did not seem very busy most of the time. Here at last was a chance for a taxpayer to get a little service in return for the ever-mounting burden of taxation. But when the South American lady suggested it to some of the sleuths she learned that the idea was all wrong. The taxpayer's money is handed out to various worthy persons but none of it must go back to him any more than a farmer ever gives any of the milk back to the cow. Of course in case of a big crime like murder, all these men would get right on the job. She should see a lawyer.

She did, swearing out a warrant for her husband's arrest, charging non-support, and another against Grace charging misconduct but the only result was that they both vanished entirely. Reporters are paid to find things out but she could not make them interested in this vague hunt. Mrs. Hussey analyzed the problem and found a way to get all this talent working for her free. If she could only murder the couple first, police and press would run their legs off to find the bodies and then she would know where they were. It sounded a little like catching a bird by putting salt on its tail but she managed it.

A few days later a disheveled and frantic-looking woman, waving an empty pistol gave herself up to the police of Norristown. Hysterically she blurted out that she had murdered her husband Mr. Hussey and his mistress in their love-nest, dragged the bodies to a swamp and sunk them in the mud.

"Just where did you say this happened?" asked the police. Mrs. Hussey had not said and now she suddenly decided that she ought not to have talked so freely. After that they could not get a thing out of her but hysterical weeping. The police had their doubts but they could not ignore a confession of murder, so they started hunting for the "corpses." The local papers printed the story, with pictures of the "murdered ones" and soon everyone was hunting. Presently they were found, alive and angry in a rose-covered cottage belonging to one of Mrs. Sauveur's friends. Mrs. Hussey says that while they were about it the authorities served both the warrants but promptly let her husband go and also Mrs. Sauveur, on $1,000 bond.

In order to disturb the peace and quiet by keeping the pair in the public eye as long as possible, the fiction murderess persisted in saying that she had murdered them. Such seemingly crazy behavior caused the authorities to send Mrs. Hussey for a month to the State Hospital for the Insane. But the tests by the alienists showed her to be as sane as they, and they let her go.

When Mrs. Hussey came out of the hospital, she signed a paper agreeing not to prosecute Mrs. Sauveur. She dropped all charges against her husband, too. The consideration she was to have received for this release was $1.

"No, I did not sell my love for $1, as they say," said Mrs. Hussey. "First of all, I have not received that $1 to this day and second of all, I signed it because of a verbal agreement by which Hussey agreed to go with me to live in St. Louis and start life all over again.

"But he did not go with me to St. Louis. He came back to me for a short time in a room which I then took in Philadelphia. In November of 1928 I talked to Mrs. Sauveur on the telephone. I told her Hussey had told me she was ill; that here was nothing left for me to do but to give her right-of-way. Hussey came to see me that evening. He knew what I had said to that woman and he asked me to write a note absolving him from my suicide. After he left, I wrote a note and pinned it to my pillow. It read: 'Nobody is responsible for my death. Hussey has been nice and good to me, so he is not responsible. I am just broken-hearted and do not want to live any longer.'"

Then Mrs. Hussey combined with her fiction, grim, melodramatic fact and almost tragedy, firing two bullets into her left breast, one of which was removed but the other is still lodged in her body. When it appeared that she was dying, she and Hussey were married again, this time in a religious ceremony. The first ceremony had been performed by a magistrate.

In August of 1929 the Husseys were reconciled once more. They took a pretty home in West Philadelphia and there Mrs. Hussey announced that they were going to start life all over again.

But again peace was short-lived. Mrs. Hussey trailed her husband to the house of a woman writer and asked to be allowed to enter. She was refused and she broke down the door. As she did so, she said she saw him and Mrs. Sauveur rush out the back way.

In 1932 Hussey and Grace decided that peace and quiet were hard to find on the same continent with the militant wife and they left for Europe. But first Mrs. Hussey started a $100,000 alienation-of-affections suit against her rival, Mrs. Grace Sauveur, charging her thus:

"The defendant did from October 6, 1927, until the present time by protestations of love, by show of affection, by constant companionship and association, by gifts and divers other means seek to win from the plaintiff and deprive her of the good will, esteem, association, love, affection, society and companionship of her lawful husband."

To this petition, Mrs. Sauveur made answer from her residence in Nice, France, to the effect that the plaintiff was not living in peace and harmony with her husband anyway, that the defendant had nothing to do with their difficulties, and that Mrs. Hussey lost the love of her husband by her own misconduct and faithlessness, principally with a Lewis T. Rheinhart of Atlantic City.

When the case came to trial before Judge Miller in Philadelphia the other day, the stage was set for startling disclosures. The plaintiff was there, surrounded by her lawyer, Harry Goldbacher, her sister, Mrs. America de Pedraza, and 36 witnesses all ready to testify to her good character, her fine mind, her happy home life before it was disrupted and her sufferings because of the loss of her husband. The defendant did not appear. Nor was L. M. Hussey on the scene. Mrs. Sauveur's attorney, Alexander J. Love, of Ladner and Ladner, handled the defence entirely alone and he based his case on two points, that Mrs. Sauveur had not robbed Mrs. Hussey of her husband and that Mrs. Hussey had herself been guilty of infidelity.

When Love asked Mrs. Hussey why she lived with him continuously even when she knew that he went around with someone else, she answered:

"It is the weakness of the human heart. I love Hussey—I love him madly."

The jury did not believe the defense and its counter charges, as proved by their verdict. Mrs. Hussey says: "In Venezuela we marry for keeps and I am not going to divorce my husband." Therefore Mrs. Sauveur may never become Mrs. Hussey. But, according to the wife: "She is a hussy just the same."

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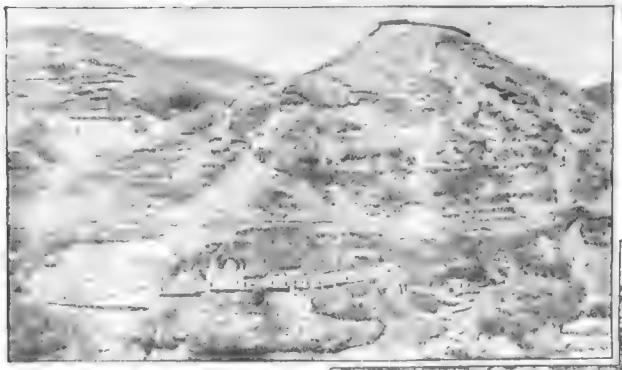
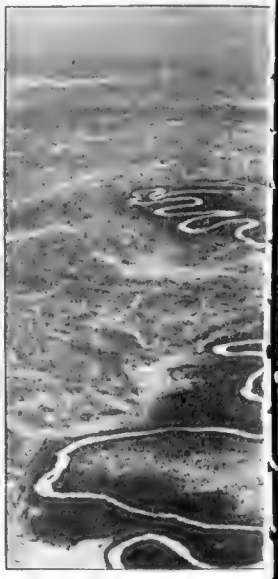
The Holy Land Seen

Sightseeing Tours Now Arranged in Jerusa
Shown the Sacred Spots of Bible Hist
Winding River Jordan and the Ro



The Greek Monastery on the Mount of Temptation, Which Rises to a Height of 1,130 Feet Above the Jericho Plain. The Mountain Has Long Been Revered as the Scene of the Temptation, When the Devil Offered Jesus All the Kingdoms of the World If He Would Worship Him (St. Matthew, Chapter 4, Verse 8), and Which Jesus Spent Forty Days in Fasting. In the Monastery Is Shown a Rock Bearing the Imprint of Jesus' Body as He Rested. On the Summit Are the Ruins of a Chapel, of the Crusading Era, Surrounded by a Wall

The Picturesque Hill Town of Nazareth, as Seen From the Air. Here the Saviour Lived for Twenty-eight Years and Received His Education and Training. St. Matthew Says That the Saviour's Parents Went to Nazareth, "That It Might Be Fulfilled Which Was Spoken by the Prophets, He Shall Be Called a Nazarene." Some Modern Scholars, Disregarding the Accepted Versions of the Bible, Believe That He Was Born in Nazareth and Not Bethlehem



The River Jordan, the Most Important Ri
Baptized, Where the Waters Divided to Adm
Other Great Bible Events Happened. It Is
World, as Is Evidenced by This Airplane Vi
the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea Is
Owing to Its Many Winding

[illegible] no more [illegible] Apart [illegible] historical association, there are its remarkable physical features. The latter are certainly unique considering the area of the country, a mere 9,000 square miles. It is much smaller than Denmark, Holland or Belgium. Yet in this comparatively small stretch of country is every variety of scenery—plains, mountains, valleys, lakes, and that extraordinary escarpment, the Jordan Valley, which not a few travelers have likened to the Grand Canyon on a miniature scale. Then, almost every minute as one sails along gazing down upon this land of sacred memories there are continually coming into view towns and villages and sites whose very names have been familiar since childhood.

Already there is an air service from Egypt and perhaps the tourist is arriving from Cairo. Cairo, with its innumerable domes and minarets has the appearance of a beautiful white marble city. Flowing through it is the ma[illegible] Nile, snaking away [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Cairo [illegible] the [illegible] color [illegible] the land of the [illegible] ved from an [illegible] 6,000 to 8,000 [illegible] ro, is without [illegible] que.

[illegible] minutes' flight [illegible] the [illegible] Suez Canal into [illegible] From the air it looks like a narrow blue ribbon stretched across the face of the desert. Even from a height of 6,000 feet the passing ships are plainly discernible, slowly making the passageway. The course now lies towards Ismailia, where, it may be added, is an excellent aerodrome. It is the headquarters of the Canal Administration, a well-laid-out town with attractive gardens on the shores of Lake Timsah. For the next 70 miles the course is northeast across an undulating expanse of sand to the Bardawil Peninsula, which the plane skirts as it nears the sea. It presents a remarkable sight from the air. The extensive, low-lying flats which border it are covered by a deposit of salt, and from a distance look like immense snowdrifts.

On reaching the coast the sightseer turns eastward and follows it and the railway below as far as Gaza. On the left is the blue water of the Mediterranean and on the right stretches the desert of Sinai, a scarred desolate landscape riven by tortuous wadis and gullies with mountains in the distance. The course now follows what is without question the oldest trail in the world. It was the great highway linking Palestine and the countries to the north and east with Egypt in the south. Along this route have marched from time immemorial warring armies and peaceful caravans.

It was along this trail that the Egyptian monarchs sent their armies, not only into Palestine, but through Palestine into Syria, and to those kingdoms that lay to the east, to Babylonia and Assyria and what is known today as Iraq. Palestine was a kind of buffer state surrounded on all sides, except on that of the sea, by powerful kingdoms, which is the reason why the old Hebrew kings were continually making treaties first with one kingdom and then with another, hoping thereby to secure protection or assistance in case of need. Abraham, Joseph and Jacob used this very trail when they went down into Egypt, as also did Mary and Joseph when they fled from the wrath of Herod with the infant Jesus.

Not till the frontier town of Rafah is reached does the desert really disappear. From [illegible] onwards the landscape [illegible] Gaza, whose very name recalls the story of Samson and the Philistines, is today a sprawling white city with its modern aerodrome surrounded by extensive orange groves. Quite conspicuous from the air above Gaza are the tells or mounds which lie between it and the sea. They are now being dug over by that veteran archeologist, Sir Flinders Petrie, this district being regarded as the richest archeological site in the Holy Land. There are buried cities here dating back before the time of Abraham.

The tourist has now reached the southern end of the great maritime plain which stretches away northward to Mount Carmel, bounded on the east by the Hills of Judea. Between Gaza and Jaffa this rolling, well-watered downland, dotted with Jewish settlements and villages, is known as the Plain of Philistia; north of Jaffa it is called the Plain of Sharon.

Half-an-hour's flight along the coast brings one to Jaffa and its adjoining Jewish city of Tel-Aviv. From the air Jaffa looks entrancing. Picture a white city jutting out on its promontory into the sea, which may be any shade be-

The Ancient City of Joppa, Now Jaffa, and the New Adjoining City of Tel-Aviv, Seen from the Air. Joppa Has Been the Port of Jerusalem Since the Days of King Solomon. Here Jonah Took Ship on His Extraordinary Voyage. Here in the House of Simon the Tanner St. Peter Had His Vision of Tolerance When a Spirit Came to Him and Said, "What God Cleanseth That Call Not Thou Common." The Flourishing City of Tel-Aviv Has a Population of 90,000

Ancient Views of Ramleh, the Home of Joseph of Arimathea, Who Reverently Cared for the Saviour's Body After the Crucifixion. [illegible] Stands Since the Days of the Old Crusaders. The Jaffa Gate, Through Which Pilgrims Entered Jerusalem for Many Centuries, Is Shown in the Picture Below. Passing Through the Narrow Streets of the Old City, Which Is Built on Hills and Valleys, Is Far Different From Any Other Road in Palestine

Jaffa, Built on Rocky Cliffs, Where the Ships Have Been, Not Far From the City of Jaffa, Is Said to Be Ancient Antipatris, Where St. Paul Was Imprisoned in the Castle and Where He Escaped the Roman Governor Felix to Release Him. Where St. Paul Was Smuggled Out of Jerusalem to Save Him From Assassination. He Was Sent to Antipatris With Military Escort [illegible] of the Old Roman Road, as Is Said to Date Back to St. Paul's Time.

Strings of Camels Crossing the Shal
Near the Ancient City of Joppa. S
Shown Here Is Now Being Harnessed
[illegible] Miles Away. Joshua Encamped
Promised Land and Apportioned It

from an Airplane

lem for Tourists and Pilgrims, Who Are ory and Can See From the Air the ds the Saviour Journeyed Over

Jerusalem, the Holy City, Seen From the Air. At a Glance the Air Passenger Can Take in Mount Calvary—the Scene of the Saviour's Crucifixion—the Site of the Temple of Solomon, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and Other Sacred Spots in the Most Interesting City in the World. The Congested Old City Within the Walls Is Plainly Discernible, as Well as the Newer Residential Sections Outside the Walls on the North and East. The Majestic Temple Area Is on the Right, and East of It Is the Sacred Brook Kedron, Crossed by the Saviour on His Way to Gethsemane

The Rocky Road From Jerusalem to Jericho as Seen From the Air, a Distance of Twenty-one Miles, Through the Wilderness of Judea, a Bleak and Desolate Region. Along This Road the Saviour Traveled Many Times to Heal the Blind and Lame Other Sufferers, to Call Disciples to Be an Apostle, to Speak Parables to the People and Perform Many Miracles. During the Journey of Twenty-one Miles a Traveler Makes a Descent of 3392 Feet, Jericho Lying Far Below Sea Level

· in Palestine, Where the Saviour Was the Israelites to the Promised Land, and ne of the Most Wandering Streams in the . The Distance in a Straight Line From es Than Sixty Miles, but the River, Is Over 200 Miles Long

ween cobalt and sapphire Jaffa is ancient Joppa, one of the oldest cities in Palestine. It was the port of the country in the days of Solomon. Here Peter had his vision in which he was told to call nothing unclean. (Acts: x, 15.) The old city very congested, and is built around the promontory. It can easily be detected from the wer suburbs that have arisen on its outskirts ing off the shore are a number of cargo vessels, ay loading oranges. Jaffa is encircled on its d side with extensive orange groves, extending or miles. The cultivation of the orange is one of the principal industries of the land. In the ossom season one can detect the scent of the owers at a height of several thousand feet.

The Jewish city of Tel-Aviv is the wonder of Palestine. It is a modern and up-to-date metropolis of wide thoroughfares, fine public buildings, and attractive residences, stretching along the Mediterranean coast. All its inhabitants are Jews and its growth during the last decade or two has been remarkable. Owing to the influx of German Jews it has now a population of early 90,000, almost equal to that of Jerusalem. It has a magnificent stretch of sand, and thousands come here from all parts of the country for the bathing. It has been described as the Margate, or Atlantic City, of the Holy Land. At its northern end a large strip of land, 100,000 square metres in extent, has been permanently set aside as a fair ground, and here the Levant Fair has been held. There are over twenty large pavilions and a spacious stadium for sports. Eighteen different nations exhibited here.

The grounds are bounded on one side by the Mediterranean and the other by the Auja River. Dipping low as the plane crosses this stream at its shallow end, the tourist may see camel caravans negotiating the ford. A few miles inland is Ras-el-Ain, marking the course of the Auja River.

This is ancient Antipatris, mentioned in Acts. It was built by Herod the Great. When the Apostle Paul was smuggled out of Jerusalem by the then governor of the city to save him from assassination by the Jews he was accompanied by an escort of 400 infantry and 70 mounted men. At Antipatris the infantry returned to Jerusalem and left the mounted men to take him to Caesarea. All that is left of Antipatris today is the ruins of an old khan dating back to the Apostle's time. Close to Ras-el-Ain reservoirs are built to supply Jerusalem with water. From here it will be pumped up to Jerusalem thirty-five miles away.

At this point the plane doubles back towards Jaffa and then turns directly eastward across the plain heading for the Hills of Judea, clearly discernible in the distance, and the City of Jerusalem. The Holy City lies but thirty-odd miles away in a direct line but the intervening country is crowded with Biblical sites. Soon one is directly over Rishon-el-Zion, lying to the north of Jaffa. The modern buildings in their setting of orchards and vineyards look quite attractive. It is one of the oldest of the Jewish colonies and is a famous wine-producing centre.

A few minutes later Lydda, known in New Testament times as Lud, comes into view, and, dipping low, the tourist may detect its famous Crusader Church of St. George, for it was here that the Saint is supposed to have slain the dragon. Since the British occupation Lydda has grown tremendously. It is an important railway junction, and here trains run south to Kantara, on the Suez Canal, north to Haifa, westward to Jerusalem and eastward to Jaffa. On the outskirts of the town, which is encircled by orchards, is the new civil aerodrome, opened at the end of April by the High Commissioner. It is from here that aerial cruises of the Holy Land will be made.

A programme of attractive flights lasting from three hours to a whole day has been arranged. In order to ascertain what could be offered and the sites that could be satisfactorily viewed from the air, Squadron Leader F. O. Soden, of the Imperial Airways, was commissioned to make a series of special flights over the land. He started out from Cairo, hence an account of the trip from that base. It was on these flights that the accompanying photographs were taken, and they are reproduced [illegible]

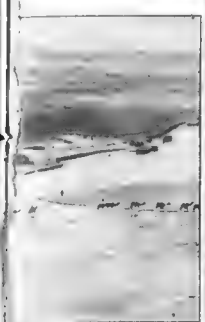
There are flights [illegible] of three hours' duration [illegible] fare is in the neighborhood [illegible] it is expected to prove a very popular trip. In addition to the places of Biblical interest passed between Lydda and Jerusalem, the Holy City will be encircled as well as the Mount of Olives. With four or five hours to spare, the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea can be included as well as Jerusalem. The day trips cover not only Lydda to Jerusalem and the Jordan Valley, but Galilee, Haifa, Tel-Aviv and Jaffa.

As these flights are being organized purely as sightseeing trips, the planes are flown as low as possible, having, of course, regard for safety. In the bright sunny atmosphere of Palestine visibility is excellent, so there will be no question of not being able to recognize the various sites as they are flown over. Those towns and places of historic association are to be slowly encircled, so that their points of interest may be noted. It means that the busy man of today will be enabled to board a plane at Lydda and from a comfortable seat see in a few hours places and [illegible] which in the ordinary way would take weeks.

Rising from the aerodrome at Lydda the

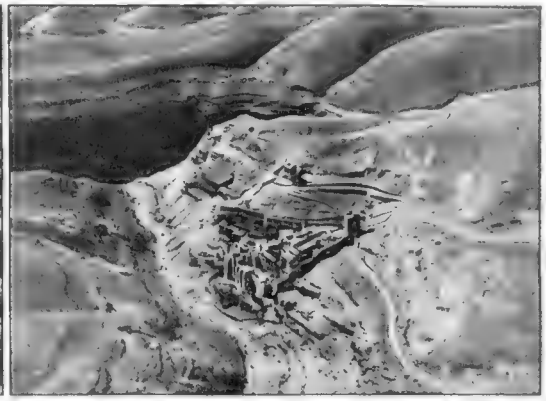
Continued on Page 16

Potash Works on the Shores of the Dead Sea, Called the Salt Sea in the Bible, as Seen From the Air. Near Here Were Situated the Wicked Cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, Which Were Destroyed by Fire From Heaven, and the Earliest Settlements of the Israelites in Palestine. The River Jordan Flows Into the Dead Sea, Which Is 1292 Feet Below Sea Level and Contains Four Times as Much Salt as Ordinary Sea Water. The Potash Works Cover 500 Acres, Monopolizing the Northern Half of the Sea. The Great Evaporating Pans Are Clearly Shown in the Photograph. The Heavily Charged Salt Water Is Pumped From the Bottom of the Lake Into These Pans and the Valuable Salts Recovered by Solar Evaporation.



[illegible] to the North of Tel-Aviv, [illegible] Jaffa. The Auja River [illegible] Way to Jerusalem Thirty- [illegible] After the Conquest of the [illegible] country in the Tribe of Dan

Air View of the New Jewish City of Tel Aviv, Adjoining the Ancient City of Jaffa, Called Joppa in the Bible. The Domed Building in the Picture Is One of the Largest and Finest Synagogues in the World. This Is an Ideal Modern City and Makes an Interesting Contrast to Old Jaffa, Especially When One Sees Them From the Air. The Occupants of the Buses Make Great Use of the Roofs, as Was Customary in the East From Time Immemorial



The Monastery of Mar Saba, Built on the Precipitous Cliffs on a Wadi, or Gorge, in the Wilderness of Judea, Some Eight Miles to the Southeast of Jerusalem. It Was Named After Saba, a Famous Early Saint, Born in 439 A. D. It Was in This Monastery That the Original of the Noted Hymn, "Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?" Was Written by a Greek Monk. It Is Used Today as a Place of Retreat for Monks Requiring Discipline. The Wild Scenery Is Typical of the Rugged Sections of Palestine

She Walked Into His Parlor

by Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Modern Business Girl's Struggle for True Love

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible] he did say was even [illegible] Come and sit [illegible] he murmured, pat[illegible] of the bed invit[illegible] [illegible] standing so [illegible] [illegible] hard to talk [illegible] [illegible] if," he pro[illegible] I can hear you [illegible] from over [illegible] [illegible] though that [illegible] He would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

IT TAKES *Energy* TO KEEP GOING IN HOT WEATHER

. . . and authorities agree a good part of your *summer energy* should come from protective foods . . .

EAT TWO SLICES OF CANNED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE DAILY, IS THE LATEST DIETETIC ADVICE

NOT hungry when it's hot? Of course you don't enjoy heavy dishes when it's 90 in the shade! But you need *summer energy* for work and play. And authorities say you should get much of this energy from the *protective foods*.

Research has proven that Canned Hawaiian Pineapple is a fruit that *combines* many protective factors. It offers good amounts of Vitamins A, B and C, supplies food-iron for the blood, and copper; and other minerals which aid in keeping the blood stream normally alkaline. Besides, Canned Hawaiian Pineapple gives you *quick* energy for strenuous summer activities.

Certainly nothing could be more delightfully cool and refreshing. Have this delicious tropical fruit chilled for breakfast; or as an appetizer. Use it in salads; for frozen desserts; or with meats. But see that *every day* this summer you get the recommended two slices—or their equivalent—a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits.

CHILLED, FOR BREAKFAST

FOR LUNCHEON, A PINEAPPLE SALAD

AND FOR DINNER, PINEAPPLE SLICES, WITH MEATS . . . OR AS A DESSERT

A GRAND "IN-BETWEEN" DISH, PINEAPPLE FROZEN DESSERTS

CANNED HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Big Money

By George Dimot

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

M

CHAPTER XXIX.

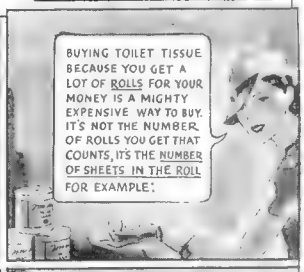
M

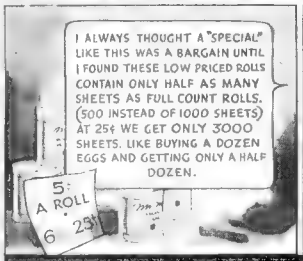
"I don't know ... & er quiet" ... right. Go back and smash those ... out the final light she gasped. ... the spot where Horace ... was ... came a sharp ... cry. "What—what? Blast you, ... Mr. ... No, but Horace ... left ... a letter, perhaps. I ... back and ... warm girl. He kept ... silence. As it ... with ... That ... gay ... fair, and ... fair ... to ... N ...

(Continued on Page 15)

BEFORE YOU BUY TOILET TISSUE AGAIN LET ME SHOW YOU HOW

WE WOMEN ARE BEING "FOOLED" BY SO-CALLED BARGAINS


BUYING TOILET TISSUE BECAUSE YOU GET A LOT OF ROLLS FOR YOUR MONEY IS A MIGHTY EXPENSIVE WAY TO BUY. IT'S NOT THE NUMBER OF ROLLS YOU GET THAT COUNTS, IT'S THE NUMBER OF SHEETS IN THE ROLL FOR EXAMPLE:

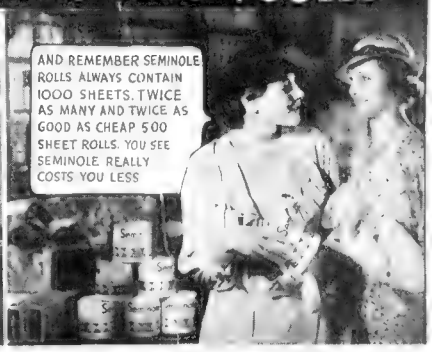

I ALWAYS THOUGHT A "SPECIAL" LIKE THIS WAS A BARGAIN UNTIL I FOUND THESE LOW PRICED ROLLS CONTAIN ONLY HALF AS MANY SHEETS AS FULL COUNT ROLLS. (500 INSTEAD OF 1000 SHEETS) AT 25¢ WE GET ONLY 3000 SHEETS. LIKE BUYING A DOZEN EGGS AND GETTING ONLY A HALF DOZEN.
5¢ A ROLL
6 25¢

GETTING LESS TOILET TISSUE FOR OUR MONEY IS NOT THE ONLY WAY WE ARE BEING "FOOLED". WE GET POORER QUALITY TOO. I'VE DISCOVERED THESE "BARGAINS" ARE A CHEAPER GRADE OF TISSUE—HARSHER—COARSER. THE UNCLEAN APPEARANCE OF THE TISSUE OFTIMES SCARES ME... I WONDER WHETHER IT'S "SECONDS".

AND HAVE YOU NOTICED MOST OF THEM ARE ONLY PARTLY WRAPPED. I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN BE SAFE TO USE WHEN THE ENDS OF THE TISSUE ITSELF ARE EXPOSED TO DIRT, GERMS, AND BACTERIA I KNOW A WOMAN WHOSE LITTLE GIRL .....

HOW SMART WOMEN HAVE STOPPED BEING "FOOLED"

STOP BEING "FOOLED". FOR LESS THAN YOU PAY FOR CHEAP TOILET TISSUE YOU CAN GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE SAFETY AND LUXURY OF THE WELL KNOWN SEMINOLE TISSUE. SO SOFT, FEELS LIKE COTTON. SO WHITE YOURE SURE IT'S PURE. AND FULLY WRAPPED, ENDS AND ALL, TO PROTECT ITS STERILIZED SHEETS.
SEMINOLE


AND REMEMBER SEMINOLE ROLLS ALWAYS CONTAIN 1000 SHEETS. TWICE AS MANY AND TWICE AS GOOD AS CHEAP 500 SHEET ROLLS. YOU SEE SEMINOLE REALLY COSTS YOU LESS

Right now your dealer is featuring Seminole Tissue at specially low prices. Take our suggestion and stock up now. You'll get more and better toilet tissue for your money.

HERE'S A VALUABLE TIP FOR WOMEN!

Do you want to make your bathroom more attractive . . . more up-to-date for your guests and family? You can, quickly and easily. Just get rid of that horrible yellow-looking roll of toilet tissue. Replace it with a roll of gleaming snow-white Seminole . . . the toilet tissue modern women prefer.

SEMINOLE PAPER CORPORATION
Division of
INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO. *World's Largest Paper Makers*

"I had terribly inflamed eyes," writes Mrs. Mary Moore of Chicago. "Used LAVOPTIK—and at once I had relief! Next day all inflammation was gone." Every day 6000 eyesight specialists endorse LAVOPTIK for *sore, itchy, smarting, tired, strained, or red eyes.* For 20 years, LAVOPTIK has made sad eyes glad. Soothes, refreshes, heals! No harmful drugs. Get a bottle today (with *free eye cup*) at any drug store—and banish eye troubles for good.

Bathe Eyes with LAVOPTIK

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES

Quick, Sure Relief!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads lift nagging shoe pressure off the nerves, instantly ending the *cause*. The result is no more pain, no more blisters or abrasions and no more discomfort from new or tight shoes!

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

Along with this grateful relief, your corns or callouses are quickly loosened for easy, safe, painless removal. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included for this purpose in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Special sizes and shapes for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between the toes. Get a box today—sold the world over.

Bunions

Soft Corns

Callouses

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

INVALUABLE hints on diet and foods appear regularly in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, on next to the last page.

AMOLIN deodorizes sanitary napkins...the greatest service ever rendered to the cause of feminine daintiness.

You just sprinkle this soothing white powder directly on the pad just before using. It gives lasting protection...prevents chafing and discomfort...and increases the life and efficiency of the pad.

● *Always use Amolin powder and enjoy complete mental and physical comfort.*

Amolin powder

DEODORIZES SANITARY NAPKINS

Norwich

NOW! THE GIANT TUBE

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

Big Money

By George Dilnot

(Continued from Page 14)

To attempt to rush the stairway while it was blocked by a shot of Haggle's calibre was mere suicide. Yet to stay where they were must ere long be equally fatal.

The water was now to his waist. In half an hour at the most—probably in less than that—they would be entirely overwhelmed. He had done what he could. They had the advantage of darkness. To obtain a field of fire Julius would have to descend to a lower step where he would make a mark as conspicuous as a figure picked out by a spotlight.

He hoped that failure to elicit any response might lure the fat man into range, but he scarcely dared expect it. It was to be a test of patience—and of nerve. Only as a last desperate resource, when it was a choice between that and drowning, would he attempt a rush. Again he squeezed Magda's hand. She returned the pressure and though no word was spoken he knew that she understood.

The shadow moved. Julius Haggle had descended one step. One more and his legs at least would offer a fair mark. Horace found himself wondering whether in that case he would take a chance on crippling the other, or whether he would wait for a better opportunity.

"Is that you, Miss Stewart?" he shouted. "How did you get out? You had better come up if you don't want a wet death."

There was dead silence save for that never ceasing gurgle of water. To the two in the tunnel the moments went slowly enough. The water was now to the girl's breast and Horace felt her shiver, whether with cold or apprehension he was not certain. She had pushed herself closely to him.

The shadow moved again. One foot and then another showed. His trigger finger tensed. The fat man came fairly into view and leaned down, peering over a leveled pistol to the darkened surface of the water. One hand hung limp by his side.

"Who is there?" he demanded again, and involuntarily Magda clutched more tightly to Horace's hand as he fired.

Two stabs of flame came from the blackness and Haggle stumbled to a sitting position on the stairs. Even while he was falling he fired back blindly into the darkness. Horace pitched backwards into the water and the girl gave one cry of dismay.

Unsteadily Julius, by sheer force of will, dragged himself to his feet and disappeared up the stairs. Magda did not see him go. She had her arms around Horace and with all the strength that was in her kept his head above water and began to pull him to the staircase.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Way Out.

FOR all that Magda Stewart knew Haggle might still have been waiting on the stairs. She did not think of this. Mind and body were concentrated on the effort to save Elver. Somehow she got him to the stairs and managed to drag him partially out of the water before she herself collapsed half fainting.

In less than a minute she roused herself to attend to him again. With a sob of relief she saw that he was not dead. Stripping off his sodden coat she sought for the place where he had been wounded. There was a bullet hole in his shoulder. All at once the sense of panic deserted her.

She had brought him there almost by instinct. Now she became cool headed, competent. With his own pocket knife she cut away both sleeves of his shirt and used them as a rough bandage. This done she tried to drag him farther up. One more step only she could manage, and she paused breathless and with aching muscles.

She knew then it was hopeless. Unaided she had not the strength to get him to the upper tunnel, much less to the safety of ground level. That it was highly doubtful that even unencumbered she could have found her way out never occurred to her. The best that she could hope for was to keep him above the rising water perhaps a step at a time with long intervals to recover herself. But that would only postpone the end.

She sat panting, her elbows on her knees, her chin cupped in her hand, looking down on him. His eyes opened and she gave an exclamation.

"Hello, Miss Stewart," he said and struggled to a sitting position. "What happened? Ow!" His injured arm had touched the wall. "I seem to have caught an unlucky one. Julius couldn't have seen us. Where is he?"

She told him shortly what she knew.

"Looks as if you'd saved my life, lady," he commented. "Most women would have lost their heads and I'd have been drowned. I'll thank you properly some other time." What he did not tell her was that Haggle would have been a dead man had not that involuntary twitch at his hand distracted his aim. He looked at her whimsically. "What would you have done if I'd stayed senseless?"

"I don't know," she confessed. A glimmering of a smile appeared on her pale face. "You're heavier than you look, Mr. Elver. I tried but I couldn't get you upstairs."

"So you stayed by me instead of looking after yourself." He stood up. "By the way, my friends call me Horace. If they want to be particularly venomous they add Augustus."

"Seeing that you kissed me," she countered, "I might almost—let you call me Magda."

"Now we properly introduced. Let's go."

He was wondering what had happened to Haggle, but he kept his reflections to himself. That in spite of his disturbed aim he had twice missed so easy a mark as the fat man had made was inconceivable.

The only explanation he could think of was that Julius had been seriously hit that he dared not remain lest he should be overcome by weakness and lose of blood, and be caught by the rising waters. It might have been necessary for him to seek immediate attention to his hurts.

If that was so they might fall in with him again at any moment. Horace had lost his gun when he fell and one arm was helpless. It was a poor lookout.

"The one bright spot about this thing in every sense," he commented as they reached the upper passage, more for the sake of saying something than for any other reason, "is that we've got a spot of light. The last time I was here it was dark, and—"

He paused, struck by a sudden thought. Till that moment the idea of getting out through the castle itself had remained fixed in his mind. He had almost overlooked the tunnel leading from the well.

Yet it offered the most obvious way of escape. There was a vague idea in his mind that poison gas lingered a long while underground, but the risks, balanced against those of a re-entry to the castle and a probable encounter with Julius and Josh, the lodgekeeper, might be worth running.

He briefly outlined his plan to the girl.

"There is a danger," he told her, "but we might be able to find sheets or some other material in that old cell of yours, and with something round our heads we might not take much damage."

"I'll do whatever you say," she agreed simply. "But if it fails have you thought that we may not be able to get back to the castle? The water will be up in this tunnel soon."

This was not the terrified girl who had been frightened by the dark. She was simply stating a fact.

"Then we must not fail," he smiled.

Swiftly, at a pace something between running and walking, they pursued their way. A minute later she gave a little cry and pointed to a huddled heap lying in their path. His first thought that it might be Julius Haggle vanished as he bent down over the man.

"I thought that he'd double-crossed me when the water was not turned off," he muttered, "but I was mistaken. It is Armand. He must have had the bad luck to meet Haggle while I was getting you out. We can do nothing. He'll never take his trial on this earth. Come on."

She stepped shudderingly over the body.

Fortunately the room in which she had first been kept a prisoner was open. Under his direction she tore a sheet into strips which she soaked with water. Then they hurried through the passage till they reached the slab guarding the tunnel entrance to the well.

He opened it, and poking his head within, sniffed gingerly. He fancied that he could still detect traces of that sweet, sickly odor. He nodded grimly and thoughtfully. But he wore an air of cheerfulness when he turned to the girl.

"Not so bad as I thought. Wrap that sheet around your nose and mouth and help me with mine. Breathe as little as possible and keep going straight ahead."

She swathed her face as he directed, and thus queerly bandaged, they clambered into the tunnel and groped their way forward. To his relief the expedient acted better than he expected. At the point where the mouth of the tunnel hit the well he stopped and threw off his improvised mask.

"We should be reasonably safe now." There was relief in his voice. "At any rate we're not born to be drowned."

She sat down on the ground and put her hands before her eyes. He regarded her with consternation. Then with a quick movement he struck her hands from her face.

"That will do," he said curtly. "No hysteria. I can't afford to have you crack yet."

She looked up at him with damp eyes and shook her head.

"Treat 'em rough—Horace. It's all right. I'm not the hysterical sort." She laughed. "I believe I said that once before to someone. Only when you said that we were safe I rather felt like—like letting myself go."

"That luxury will have to wait, lady," he said. "I've got to rely on you now. You've forgotten this crippled wing of mine." He jerked a thumb upwards. "I can't get up there. Do you think that you can do it?"

"And leave you here?"

"Well," he drawled, "you may have all that you can do without carrying me between your teeth. Look." He put his hand on her shoulders and compelled her to peer up the side of the well. "See those pegs? You use those to climb by. Don't look down or you may be turned into a pillar of salt or something more useless. It's a good thing for us nobody has thought of replacing the stone on top. When you get out you will find yourself masked from the castle by a clump of bushes. Once you leave them you will be in sight if anyone happens to be keeping a lookout. Don't stop for anything. Garry Conrigan will be somewhere about by now. Find him if you can. If not 'phone the police at Greenhurst and say your little piece. Then go to the Rose in June at Denne and tell Mrs. Hollinsby to look after you till I come. Oh, and if you do meet Garry tell him to bring a cigar."

She hesitated for a second, and he misconstrued her silence.

"There is no need to be afraid. Even if Julius does see you you will be out of pistol range."

"I wasn't thinking of that. It's leaving you by yourself like patience at the bottom of a well—no, I'm getting mixed. It's patience on a monument, isn't it?"

"I'll try to qualify," he declared. "But go."

At another time the climb, hampered as she was with her wet skirts, and with only the uncertain support of the pegs up that sheer face, with the penalty of a broken limb or perhaps a broken neck for a mistake, might have daunted her. But, somehow, his manner had an effect upon her, and she was keyed almost to recklessness. Suddenly she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"One I owed you," she said and swung herself to the venture.

Seated at the edge of the tunnel with his legs dangling over the well he watched her go. There was more anxiety in his mind than he would have confessed. Once she emerged from the bushes at the top she might be out of the range of effective pistol shot, but it was not inconceivable that there was a rifle at the castle. Haggle would certainly know by now that he was alive, and it was unlikely that he would overlook this method of exit.

As she clambered out she stayed a moment to wave her hand and blow a kiss. He strained his ears and fancied that he heard the sound of shots. But he could not be sure and he told himself that he was being deceived by imagination. Resolutely he put away the thought of harm to her, and whistling softly, considered his own plight. If Julius knew that he was sitting helpless, crippled and unarmed at the bottom of a drain he could pot him like a squatting rabbit. Well, he wished he had a smoke.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Do I Look Like A Woman of 60?

People Can't Believe It . . . Yet Here I Am

Edna Wallace Hopper . . . Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl . . . Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Edna Wallace Hopper

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Don't Be Fat

"Eat Sensibly—Drink Welch's Grape Juice"

says the Lovely Lady of the Screen

IRENE RICH

Irene Rich, famous star of the stage and screen, who at 42 keeps her weight the same as at 16.

Her Secret is Free

Excess fat comes from eating and drinking foods too rich in fat-producing elements. But in order to reduce healthfully and at the same time maintain your energy, it is not enough to substitute low-calory foods. Scientists have now discovered that you must also supply the body with a certain amount of easily-burnable sugar—so that the body can burn up its fat.

That's why Welch's Processed Grape Juice, always Certified-Pure and Pasteurized, belongs on every reducing diet. It satisfies that craving for sweets and rich, fattening foods... yet actually helps you lose weight!

In the Welch process all the sugar in the juice is predigested, hence quickly and easily burned; it actually helps to burn up fat! As you follow the Welch Way, week after week, it not only gives you slender lines, it restores a lovely natural color to your cheeks. You feel "made over"—full of new vitality.

Start Welch's Today!

Along with your daily reducing diet, drink a glass with or between meals, and before retiring. Meanwhile, write for free booklet, "Keeping Your Weight Down." Reduce this delightful scientific way and at the same time gain new energy.

Remember, Welch's is always Certified Pure and Pasteurized, and sells today at the lowest price in many years. Don't be fooled by cheap substitutes.

Children and Athletes

Welch's helps build solid flesh, muscle and bone without adding burdensome, excess, life-destroying fat. Marvelous as a pick-up drink for that faint, hungry between-meal feeling. Wonderful for growing children. Its pure grape sugar, predigested by nature, gives the body quick new pep and energy. That's why athletic trainers recommend Welch's Certified-Pure Grape Juice. · Start drinking Welch's today and keep fatigue away.

Listen to Irene Rich Air Programs in "Jewels of Enchantment", Every Wednesday, N. B. C. For Time See Your Daily Paper

FREE Send your name and address to the Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. 2328, Westfield, N. Y., for free scientific health booklet: "Keeping Your Weight Down—and—Red-Blooded Children and Athletes." Also a new, simple Diet List of many good things to eat, with weight and height chart, and a letter from Irene Rich, telling you how at 42 she keeps her weight the same as at 16. All sent prepaid.

Welch's GRAPE JUICE

NRA WE DO OUR PART

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The Holy Land Seen From an Airplane

(Continued from Double Page)

plane heads direct eastward towards the Hills of Judea. Quickly the tall Tower of the Forty Martyrs at Ramleh comes into view. Ramleh is a thriving little town on the foothills of Judea and has become an acknowledged Summer rendezvous of the native population of Jerusalem. It is thought to be ancient Arimathea, the home of Joseph, in whose tomb the body of Christ was laid.

The course is now up the Valley of Ajalon, where Joshua won a brilliant victory over the allied kings of the Canaanites by commanding the "sun to stand still upon Gibeon and the moon in the Valley of Ajalon." (Joshua: x, 12.) Now there is a climb, as Jerusalem lies 2,500 feet above sea-level. Every now and again one can detect the ribbon-like bands of the railway track wending their way up and around the limestone hills, the latter for the most part bare, if it happens to be Summer-time, though they are carpeted with flowers in the Spring. As one climbs higher and higher, noted prominences come into view, the tower-topped hill of Nebi Samuel, thought by many to be the Mizpah of the Bible, and the outline of the ridge of Scopus and Olivet.

Then, suddenly, Jerusalem appears in the distance. Most persons experience a thrill the first time they catch sight of the Holy City, whether it is from the air or otherwise. They think of its unique history and the influence it still exerts upon the thoughts and conduct of mankind. There lies the city encircled for the most part by hills, a really beautiful sight. As the air tourist flies nearer he discovers that it possesses a beauty and a dignity of its own. Even when viewed from a distance the larger buildings, numerous towers, minarets, domes and spires are quite impressive.

Below lies the old city with in its ancient walls, the Temple Area and its architectural gem, the Dome of the Rock, standing out quite conspicuously. This is the Bible City which pilgrims come to see, a city of narrow streets, very crowded and full of life and hustle, with innumerable sites and holy places that carry the mind back to Bible days. Radiating outward from the walls on all sides (except on the east, where the Brook Kedron makes any expansion impossible), are attractive residential sections, great buildings, picturesque towers and belfries, covering "the mountains round about Jerusalem," as expressed by the Psalmist.

What particularly strikes the traveler when viewing Jerusalem from the air is the way it is spreading out on its northern and western sides. Curiously enough, it is being rebuilt exactly as Jeremiah foretold. In speaking of the rebuilding of Jerusalem the Prophet writes: "And the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb and shall compass about to Goath." (Jeremiah 31: 39.) This is exactly what has happened, the two prominences, Gareb and Goath, lying on its northern and western sides, are today covered with Jewish residences.

These new suburbs have, for the most part, sprung up within the last five or six years. Indeed, the growth of the city during the past decade has been phenomenal, the Holy City today having a population of more than 100,000, just over 60 per cent Jews. It has nearly trebled its population since the British occupation, and is still rapidly expanding.

As one soars over the city the more conspicuous landmarks are easily detected — the ancient walls, the spacious Temple Area, the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the tall spire of the German Church of the Redeemer. Outside the walls the graceful tower of the Y. M. C. A. building is very prominent, as are also many of Jerusalem's larger buildings belonging to religious and charitable organizations. The new Archeological Museum, a group of white buildings grouped around a central tower, occupying a prominence at the northeast corner of the city just outside the ramparts, is plainly discernible. This is Jerusalem's latest building, and was given to the city by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who expended a sum of $2,000,000 upon it.

The Temple Area standing on the very edge of the plateau overlooking the deep valleys of the Kedron and Hinnom, hemmed in by the Mount of Olives, the Hill of Offence, and the Hill of Evil Counsel, is particularly impressive. The valleys lie in deep shadow but somewhat softened by the olive orchards and villages nestling upon the surrounding hills. The little group of olive trees and church at the foot of Olivet, the site of the Garden of Gethsemane, is quite noticeable, as is the tower of the Russian Church crowning the summit of the mount.

To the northwest, striding the ridge known as **Mount Scopus**, stand the buildings of the Hebrew University, the first modern university to be built in the Holy City. On the western slope of the ridge rears the Library Building, containing the largest collection of Hebrew manuscripts in the world, now numbering over 400,000 altogether. Beyond, on the eastern slope are the various colleges and laboratories. The University is non-political in character and is attended by some 300 scholars, all Jews, drawn from all parts of the world. One of the principal tasks of the university is the production of a Hebrew dictionary which all Jews can accept.

Sweeping southeastward is the Hill of Offence, so-called because Solomon is said to have erected here temples to his heathen wives. Quite prominent on its lower slopes is the Village of Siloam. A little to the east is the gentle slope of Ophel, or Zion, running from the Pool of Siloam up to the city wall. This was the old Jebusite fortress which David took and rebuilt. Curiously enough, it is the only part of ancient Jerusalem that has not been rebuilt. It consists of gardens and fields, a fulfillment of Micah's prophecy, "Zion shall become a ploughed field." To the south, above the Valley of Hinnom, the Gehenna of the New Testament, rises the Hill of Evil Counsel where Caiaphas had his country seat and whither the Jews came to consult how they might put Jesus to death.

Only from the air can a visitor grasp the unique setting Jerusalem occupies among the limestone hills of Judea. But he hastens on, and after encircling the city, turns eastward, following more or less the route of the old Jericho Road, passing over Bethany and the Good Samaritan's Inn. He is now above the Wilderness of Judea, a weird and unusual scene, a series of bleak and barren heights, devoid of any settlement, or habitation.

The gorge of the Cherith comes into view, even the lonely monastery of St. George, clinging to its precipitous cliffs, which traditionally is said to mark the place where Elijah was fed by the ravens. A few moments later another deep gorge appears and clinging to its precipitous sides is the Monastery of Mar Saba. It belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church and is used as a place of detention for refractory monks. A more isolated and dreary spot it is impossible to conceive. It was in this monastery that the famous hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" was written. It was composed by a Greek monk and later translated into English.

The plane is now over the Jordan Valley. Jericho lies below, its very name recalling the "first" invasion of Palestine by the Jews—their initial fight for the Promised Land, where Joshua's army laid siege to Jericho and caused its walls to fall. A large mound, dotted with ruins, proclaimed the site of ancient Jericho, the scene of recent excavations when the remains of its old ramparts were laid bare. A mile or so away, across a fertile belt, lay modern Jericho, today a busy township, boasting of its aerodrome, hotels, restaurants and garages.

The plane, having picked out these historic sites, it is now flying directly over the River Jordan. From its viewpoint the serpentine character of this historic stream is most apparent. The distance between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea is just under forty miles, but the river, owing to its many windings, makes more than three times that distance. It is navigable in barren hills, but is not navigable owing to its many cataracts. It was the scene of John the Baptist's ministry, where Christ was baptized. Here, too, the Israelites cross on dry ground, regarded by some scholars as a greater miracle than the crossing of the Red Sea.

Away to the south lie the deep blue waters of the Dead Sea, a no mean sheet of water seeing it is forty-seven miles long and ten miles across at its widest part. Its northern end has been transformed, and now hums with life. Here are the extensive evaporating pans of the potash works clearly visible from the air. They cover 500 acres of ground and are protected by miles of dykes. The heavy brine is pumped up from the bottom of the lake into the pans and the valuable salts obtained by evaporation. The plant includes a power house, pumping station, factories, and dwellings for the workers. At present potash salts for fertilizing and bromide, which is used in the manufacture of dyes and drugs, are being produced at the rate of 100 tons a week. Eventually it is expected that the output of potash alone will total 100,000 tons a year, in addition to other valuable salts.

At the northwest corner of the lake is Palestine's new Lido, Kallia. In some ways it is the most remarkable resort in the world, lying on the shores of a lake that lies 1,300 feet below sea level. Its waters are so impregnated with salts that it is impossible to sink in them. But floating is delightful, provided you do not get the water in your eyes. In the bathing pavilions there are notices prohibiting diving for that reason. Restaurants and cafes have been built and a special bus service organized between the resort and Jerusalem. The time to visit Kallia is at the full moon when five hundred people will be found in the water at one time.

There is now a sharp turn to the northward, allowing for Samaria and the Sea of Galilee. The course is over the Wilderness of Judea again, but in a northwesterly direction, passing over several deep gorges including the Ain Farah, where scholars place the scene of the 23rd Psalm. There is a spring in the gorge where from time immemorial shepherds have been wont to gather for watering their flocks. Soon Nablus, ancient Sheehem, comes into view, today a very busy town occupied almost solely by Arabs. It lies in a deep fertile valley between two mountains—Ebal and Gerizim. It was upon these two heights that Joshua gathered the Children of Israel shortly after their entrance into the Land. Those that stood upon Gerizim responded to the blessings and those on Ebal acknowledged the curses.

Passing over the great Plain of Esdraelon, now dotted with Jewish settlements whose cultivated fields have the appearance from a height of a patchwork quilt, Nazareth, the home town of our Lord, comes into view, presenting a very pretty picture nestling upon the hills. The plane again turns eastward and a moment or two later is flying over the Sea of Galilee. Its waters are a beautiful blue. This historic lake is only thirteen miles long and six miles across at its ancient end. One encircles the lake, coming fairly low, obtaining startling glimpses of Tiberias, the only town on the lake today, though the ruins of Capernaum and the little village of Bethsaida are easily detected. Turning westward again over Cana of Galilee, the scene of Christ's first miracle, the pilot heads for the landing ground at Haifa, nestling at the foot of Mount Carmel, where the tourist alights, amazed not so much at the distance covered, but at the historic country and ancient cities and Bible sites he has been privileged to view from the air.

Prunes for Every Day

By Mary Lee Swann
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Prune Slaw.

MIX 2 cups shredded white cabbage, 1 grated raw carrot, pulp and juice of 1 orange, 1 cup diced celery and ¼ cup thinly sliced raw prunes. Season to taste with salt and paprika. Mix lightly with 2 or 3 tablespoons mayonnaise or cooked dressing.

Prune Poultry Stuffing.

COMBINE ½ cup finely chopped steamed prunes, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 2 cups fine bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon onion juice, ½ teaspoon thyme, ¼ teaspoon savory and ½ teaspoon marjoram. Add boiling water to moisten and season with 2 or 3 tablespoons melted butter.

Spiced Prunes.

WASH 2 pounds prunes. Add 2 quarts water, rind of 3 lemons and a spice bag containing 1½ tablespoons cloves, 2 teaspoons allspice, 4 peppercorns and 6 or 8 blades of mace. Cover closely and simmer gently about 2 hours. Add 2 cups sugar and continue simmering about one hour. Add 1 cup vinegar and the juice of 3 or 4 lemons and boil for 5 minutes. Serve as a relish.

Quick Prune Pudding.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Work in about 6 tablespoons butter or shortening. Moisten with about ¾ cup milk. Do not have dough stiff enough to knead. A little more milk may be needed. Cover the bottom of a baking dish with cooked, stoned and sweetened prunes. Place the dough on the prunes and bake in a quick oven. This will require 20 or 30 minutes. Serve immediately with plain or whipped cream and sugar.

Steamed Prune Bread.

MIX 1 cup corn meal, 2 cups graham meal, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Add ¾ cup chopped raw prunes. Add ½ teaspoon soda to ½ cup molasses and 1 cup milk and combine with the dry ingredients. Turn into buttered baking powder cans (pound size), filling cans not more than ⅔ full. Cover closely, place in steamer and steam about 1½ hours.

Prune Ice Cream.

PICK over and wash 1 cup prunes. Soak overnight in 1½ cups cold water. Cook until soft in this water. Press through fruit press or potato ricer. Sweeten with about 1 cup sugar. Chill. Add ¼ cup lemon juice, a few grains salt and 1¼ cups cream, beaten until stiff. Freeze.

Prune Pudding No. 1.

TO 1 cup of strained and sweetened prune pulp add 3 or 4 unbeaten egg whites and beat until mixture will hold its shape. Turn into a buttered and sugared baking dish, set in a pan of hot (not boiling) water and bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve with cream or custard sauce.

Prune Pudding No. 2.

PICK over and wash ¾ pound prunes. Cover with cold water and soak overnight. Cook in the same water until tender. Cut in small pieces. Add ½ cup sugar. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff and add the prunes gradually. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes. Chill and serve with plain or whipped cream or custard sauce.

Prune Sandwiches.

PRESS tender cooked prunes through fruit press or potato ricer. Combine with an equal amount of creamed cream cheese and blend well. Add a few finely chopped nuts if desired. Spread between thinly sliced graham bread. Cut in any desired shape.

Caramel Prune Pudding.

BEAT 1 egg slightly, add ½ cup light brown sugar, a few grains salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon melted butter, and 1 cup unsweetened prune juice. Put 3 cups hot boiled or steamed rice in a buttered baking dish. Pour the prune juice mixture over the rice. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about 30 minutes. Chill and serve with whipped cream and steamed whole prunes.

Prune Salad.

CUT ½ pound choice prunes in lengthwise pieces. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon lemon or orange juice. Combine with ¾ pound broken nut meats. Season with a few grains pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt. Beat 1 cup cream until stiff. Fold into ⅓ cup mayonnaise. Moisten the prunes and nuts with this dressing. Arrange on crisp heart lettuce. Garnish with swirls of dressing.

Prunes in Jelly.

HAVE ready 3 cups of hot stewed, stoned and sweetened prunes. Soak 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin in ¾ cup cold water and dissolve in the hot prunes. Cool, then add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Turn into a mold to chill. Set in ice box several hours or until firm. Turn out on serving platter and serve with plain or whipped cream.

Prune Pudding No. 3.

CREAM 2 tablespoons butter, and add ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon orange extract and 1 egg. Beat well. Mix 1½ cups graham flour with 1 teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder and then combine with 1 cup sliced raw prunes. Add this mixture alternately with ½ cup milk to the creamed butter. Turn into a greased shallow baking pan and bake in a moderate oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with plain or whipped cream or prune sauce.

Stewed Prunes (By Request).

INGREDIENTS: 1 pound prunes, 1 quart water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ tablespoon orange juice. Wash thoroughly to remove all grit and dirt. Soak in water to cover overnight. Cook slowly in same water until tender. Add sugar and juice and cook a few minutes longer.

Stewed Apricot Surprise Tarts (By Request).

HAVE ready cooked apricots. The larger the pieces the nicer the tarts. If possible have each apricot half cooked until tender but not mushy. Cream 3 cakes cream cheese with 6 tablespoons butter. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Work cream cheese mixture into the sifted dry ingredients. Set in ice box over night or all day: Roll thin, cut into four inch squares, place one or two pieces of apricot in center of each square, fold over to form a triangle, press edges together, place on greased tins, bake in a rather quick oven or at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, until brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

She Walked Into His Parlor—by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 12)

"But however generous," she hesitated momentarily over the word and smiled at him, "you were inclined to be, surely as a sensible man, Mr. Wilburn, you will realize it could not possibly compensate me for giving up Bob?"

"You're not trying to tell me you're in love with him?" Kent's voice openly mocked her. "Really, Miss Miller, that would be a little too much."

She flinched slightly, despite her determination not to let him get under her skin whatever he said.

"It would be useless trying to tell you anything, Mr. Wilburn. You know so much already," she returned sharply.

And there was a pause. Watching her from under his lazily drooping lids Kent was startled to find that instead of wondering how best to outwit her he was thinking how lovely she was. With her copper-red hair and the burnished red tints in her gown she was like a slim statue carved in bronze. He found he could not blame Bob for having fallen in love with her. Indeed, had things been different . . .

He pulled himself up short. Where were his thoughts drifting? All the same as he sat there watching her he felt his pulse beat quicken. From out of the past a tune, years old, drifted hauntingly into his memory.

"Falling in love again,
Never wanted to.
What am I to do?
I can't help it.
Love's always been my game
Play it as I may,
I was made that way,
I can't help it."

He even caught himself humming it under his breath. What had happened to him? Was he becoming senile? Why, this was the girl, the adventuress, who was determined to ruin his son. For it would be ruin for Bob to marry her. Once the infatuation was over they would have nothing in common. Besides, she had practically admitted she didn't love Bob.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a soul can get under them. You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth. Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't waste money on substitutes but send 10c for a box. Use 30 days, then, if satisfied, pay us. If not, don't pay a cent.
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SKIN OUTBREAKS
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The "CAL" treatment is now available at your druggist's under the name HYDROSAL, in both liquid and ointment forms. Get it at once; you will find it extraordinary in skin ailments and also in treating cuts, burns, wounds and other cases which call for antiseptic, healing treatment. Insist upon the name HYDROSAL.
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HER BACK HURT SINCE BABY CAME

Every mother knows there is a strain on her muscles in the months before baby comes. This frequently causes backaches for many years after. Mrs. D. Adams, of New York City, writes:

"Ever since my baby came, 7 months ago, I have suffered with the most awful pains in my back. One day my husband insisted that I try an Allcock's Porous Plaster. I did so and was amazed to find a warm, soothing feeling immediately. The pain vanished, and I kept on wearing the plaster for a number of days until I was sure the backache was gone. If ever I get a backache again, you can be sure I'll put on an Allcock's Plaster at once."

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No more blind dates
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Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.
NRA

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete security from unpleasantness.

Hot-Dog Days in August

WHETHER you call them hot-dogs, frankfurters, weiners, or plain "hots"—by any other name they would taste as good. Appetizing in appearance and flavor, simple and quick to prepare on hot weather picnics or at home, more economical than almost any other meat, frankfurters have everything to recommend them for Summer meals. Yes, the hot-dog star is in the ascendency for savory August menus!

It is important in warm weather to buy a good grade of frankfurter, however, so that you need have no fears and doubts about the quality of the meat and its freshness. A good frankfurter is made of the best quality beef, seasoned to an appetizing spiciness, smoked, cooked thoroughly, and delivered fresh to your grocer or delicatessen every few days. In cheap, hot-dogs, poor quality meat is often covered up with high seasonings and spices, while the best grades are only mildly seasoned.

Frankfurters are made with many kinds of casings or jackets, and whether these are an animal casing such as sheep's casing, or the jacket like transparent paper, which is being widely used by manufacturers today, they should all be removed before eating.

But a new style of frankfurter has come on the market recently, which will gladden the heart of the housewife and the picnicker as well—it is the skinless frankfurter. This new variety has no skin at all to peel off before eating, yet it is firm and well shaped, just like the ordinary kind.

It is perfect for hot-dogs on rolls at picnics. It is also excellent for using in combination dishes such as casseroles or salads where a heavy skin is objectionable.

But no matter how you buy frankfurters—with skins or without—they are one of the most economical meats for your menus. They have so little waste (the skinless ones, of course, have no waste at all), that every cent you spend per pound you know is spent for edible meat.

Two frankfurters apiece is a sufficient serving to plan for each person; but perhaps three would be a better number if your family is in need of lots of energy for strenuous Summertime games and sports.

Far away the best reason for serving frankfurters often during August is that they cook quickly and easily. Every sultry "dog day" in August should be turned into a "hot-dog day," with a dish of appetizing frankfurters on the table, prepared in a jiffy and with little effort spent over a hot stove.

The easiest method of all for preparing frankfurters is, of course, to boil them. Put them in boiling hot water to cover and boil for about ten minutes. It is not necessary to cook them until the skins pop open—in fact, split skins are a sign of over-cooking. They may then be served either hot or cold.

Plain boiled frankfurters are always the making of a good dinner. Serve them hot with quickly cooked new cabbage, spinach or other greens, together with boiled or mashed potatoes and you have a fine menu. Never forget, though, to serve mustard or pickles or both, with a frankfurter dinner.

Served cold, boiled frankfurters are delicious with potato salad and cabbage slaw. Skinned and sliced crosswise, they may be mixed with the potato salad itself; this is particularly good if a mustard-flavored cooked salad dressing is used to bind the salad.

Speaking of boiled frankfurters reminds me of the many fine quality frankfurters that are now available in cans or jars, all cooked and ready to use. These are excellent for serving cold, or for a very quick hot dinner. To heat them, simmer, do not boil, in their own liquid until heated through. The liquid may be used for making gravy, or in aspic or meat jellies.

But boiling is only one of the simplest methods of cooking frankfurters, and many other very easy and quick methods can be used to make the savory frankfurter taste even better.

Have you ever tasted them, for instance, split in half lengthwise and broiled? How delicious they are! They may be broiled in your own oven broiler or over an open picnic fire. They grill quickly to a flavorful crisp brown, and served with catsup or mustard, they make a fine variation for the picnic menu or dinner at home.

To broil them over an open fire, be sure that the flames have sunk to an even red-hot glow of coals. The slit frankfurters should be placed in a wire rack or broiler, held near the hot coals and turned frequently. Incidentally, if you want to roast frankfurters whole to use in the famous hot-dog roll, place them in the wire rack broiler and turn frequently over the coals; or place them on the ends of long sticks, running the stick well through the frankfurter so that it won't fall off into the ashes. Toast the hot-dog rolls, too; combine them with the roasted frankfurters, mustard and relish, and your picnic is bound to be a flavor success.

While you and I know better, it seems that some cook books scorn the mention of a frankfurter. Look as you will through any standard cook book, and you'll see that the humble frankfurter is practically ignored in every one of them. But still and all, you and I know that frankfurters can be used in all kinds of wonderful combination dishes and that many of these will make your August menus delicious indeed.

Have you ever tried frankfurters in tomato jelly? In casserole dishes with lima beans, noodles or cabbage? Here are recipes of mine which I have used frequently for simple and attractive home menus.

Frankfurters in Tomato Jelly: Eight frankfurters, boiled and skinned; 4 cups canned or stewed tomatoes; 1 medium onion, minced; 3 whole peppercorns; 3 whole cloves; 1 bayleaf; 2 teaspoons salt; 1 teaspoon sugar; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 3 tablespoons gelatin; ½ cup cold water. Cook tomatoes and spices 30 minutes; then strain through a fine sieve. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes, then dissolve in hot tomato liquid. Cool until it begins to thicken. Have frankfurters sliced in half lengthwise. Rinse fancy mold in cold water. Arrange frankfurters around sides of mold; cut smaller pieces and make star design on bottom of mold. Pour in jelly. Chill until firm and serve with mustard mayonnaise.

Frankfurter and Potato Salad: One cup thinly sliced boiled, skinned frankfurters; 2 cups cubed potatoes; 2 tablespoons minced onion; ¾ cup cooked dressing, mustard-flavored; 2 tablespoons minced green pepper. Mix onion and pepper well with dressing and add to freshly boiled cubed potatoes. Let stand 1 hour in cold place. Just before serving add thinly sliced frankfurters, tossing all together lightly. Serve in lettuce cups, garnished with pimentos or stuffed olives.

Casserole of Lima Beans and Frankfurters: 8 cooked, skinned frankfurters; 2 cups dried lima beans; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; 1 small onion sliced; 2 tablespoons minced parsley. Soak beans overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water; then simmer until tender but not shapeless. Drain, remove to casserole, making alternate layers with the frankfurters which have been slit lengthwise. Add liquid in which frankfurters have been cooked, onion, parsley and seasonings. Arrange whole frankfurters on top. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes or until well-browned.

Baked Peppers Stuffed With Frankfurters: 8 cooked, skinned frankfurters; 6 green peppers; 1 onion, minced; 2 tablespoons butter; bread crumbs; salt and pepper. Cut slice from stem of each pepper, remove seeds, parboil skins 10 minutes. Chop or run frankfurters through meat grinder. Saute onion in butter 3 minutes, then mix with chopped frankfurters, crumbs, and enough of the liquid in which frankfurters were cooked to moisten. Season well, then stuff peppers with mixture. Stand peppers on greased baking dish, sprinkle tops with buttered crumbs, and bake 15 minutes.

Baked Franfurters and Cabbage: 8 cooked and skinned frankfurters; 1 boiled cabbage; ½ cup butter; salt and pepper; hot mashed potatoes; milk. Cut frankfurters in thin slices crosswise; saute in melted butter. Remove and keep hot. Have cabbage coarsely chopped. Put in skillet and fry 5 minutes, turning frequently. Line baking dish with mashed potatoes. Lay in cabbage. Cover with meat slices, adding milk to moisten. Spread with additional mashed potato crust on top. Bake 15 minutes in medium oven or until well-browned.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.	Fruit.
Prepared Cereal.	Scrambled Eggs with Frizzled Beef.	Cereal.	Cereal.	French Omelet.	Cereal.	Soft Boiled Eggs.
Bacon.	Golden Corn Bread.	Poached Eggs on Graham Toast.	Toast.	Muffins.	French Rolls.	Toast.
Graham Muffins.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Fruit-Butter.	Coffee.	Jam.	Coffee.
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Dinner*
Luncheon	Tuna Fish Salad.	Eggplant Souffle.	*Luncheon*	Scalloped Salmon and Macaroni.	*Luncheon*	Frozen Ginger Ale Cocktail.
Noodle Ring with Cheese Sauce.	Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers.	Sunburst Salad.	Cold Sliced Corned Beef.	Celery and Tomato Salad.	Sandwiches (Left-Overs).	Fried Chicken.
Lettuce Chiffonade.	Lemon Cream Tapioca.	French Rolls.	Southern Corn Pudding.	Cherry Tarts (Graham Cracker Pastry).	Iceberg Lettuce with Roquefort and Cream Cheese Dressing.	Cream Giblet Gravy.
Fresh Fruit Pie with Graham Cracker Pastry.	*Dinner*	Gingerbread Cup Cakes with Cream Cheese Icing.	Potatoes.	Iced Tea.	Stuffed Prunes in Jelly.	Riced Potatoes.
Iced Tea.	Smothered Chicken (Maryland Style).	Iced Tea.	Fruit Trifle.	*Dinner*	Sand Tarts.	Steamed Green Vegetable.
Dinner	Steamed Rice.	*Dinner*	Iced Tea.	Stuffed Turbans of Flounder.	Iced Tea.	Tomato and Crisp Lettuce Salad.
Ivoryoin Steak.	Buttered Squash.	Tornadoes of Lamb.	*Dinner*	Potato Balls.	*Dinner*	French Dressing.
Potatoes in Casserole.	Green Peas.	Francoinia Potatoes.	Left-Over Lamb Croquettes.	Butter Beans with Corn.	Veal, Pork and Beef Loaf.	Fruit Compote.
Corn on the Cob.	Raw Cauliflower and Ripe Olive Salad.	Steamed String Beans.	Mint Jelly.	Favorite Green Salad.	Brown Gravy.	*Supper*
Steamed Spinach.	Norwegian Prune Pudding.	Glazed Carrots.	Buttered Peas and Diced Carrots.	French Dressing.	Steamed Rice or Buttered Spaghetti.	Assorted Sandwiches (Favorite).
Coffee Mousse in Cantaloupe.		Asparagus Salad.	Peach Shortcake.	Frozen Bread Pudding.	Green Bouquet Salad.	Fresh Peach Bavarian.
		Savory Dressing.			Lemon Dressing.	Angel Cake.
		Pineapple Sherbet.			Fruit Parfait.	

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3078—A SKIRT WHICH FITS AND IS SUPER-SMART HAS CLEVER POINTS IN THE YOKE. Designed for waist sizes 28, 30, 32 and 34. Size 28 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3033—AN ENSEMBLE—SMART AND SIMPLE BUT NOT SEVERE—OF FROCK AND HIP-LENGTH JACKET. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3077—SOMETHING VERY CHIC AND RECOMING IN THE WAY OF A FLATTERING FROCK FOR A MATRON. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric and ¾ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3081—MAKE IT OF AN OPENWORK COTTON OR WHATEVER YOU WILL, THIS IS A STUNNING LITTLE DRESS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 24, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3064—THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A JUMPER DRESS FOR A GIRL AND FEW JUMPER DRESSES AS SMART AS THIS ONE. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch fabric and 1⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3080—A CHILD'S FROCK WITH FREEDOM-GIVING PLEATS AND A CRISP RUFFLE ABOUT THE NECK. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3079—A KNOTTED COLLAR AND SHORT RAGLAN SLEEVES MAKE A THRILLING OVERBLOUSE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

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This new and perfected series of patterns which is appearing in The American Weekly is strictly up to the moment. The patterns are styled by an eminent fashion authority on the theory that true chic is simple. Any one—any one at all—can make them with the aid of the large diagrammed sewing chart which accompanies each pattern. PLEASE NOTE CAREFULLY THE ADDRESS TO WHICH THEY ARE TO BE SENT—and you can count upon speedy delivery.

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shines faster lasts longer

FLEAS are a menace to your dog's health. They may cause skin-troubles. They carry tapeworm eggs that may infest your dog with worms. Fleas are *so easy to kill.* Either SERGEANT'S SKIN-FLEA SOAP or POWDER will kill fleas, lice and ticks. Sold by druggists and pet supply dealers everywhere.

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Learn how to care for your dog, how to tell what ails him, how to treat his diseases. We urge you to write for your *free copy* of the famous SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK. Fifty-eight pages. Illustrated. Contains a "Symptom Chart" that diagnoses dog ailments at a glance. It may save your dog's life. Get it at once.

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Protect your skin, as well as the tender skins of your children, by regular every-day use of a soap that does more than cleanse. Containing the soothing, healing Cuticura properties, Cuticura Soap safeguards the skin, protecting it from redness, roughness and disfiguring irritations. Best for you and baby too.

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MAX Has a Change of Heart after he tries QUINK

WHEN EDDIE GETS TOO LETTER YOU'LL BE SORRY HE SPENT THAT MONEY
DON'T BE HARD ON HIM, MAX
HAVEN'T YOU KNOWN IT MY PEN WON'T WORK AGAIN
OH, YOU'VE BEEN BUYING A NEW PEN, EH?
NO DEAR JUST USING A DIFFERENT INK
SAY THIS WRITES GORGEOUS!
YES, THIS INK ACTUALLY CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES!
LOOK—IT DRIES ALMOST AS FAST AS IT WRITES!
YES, SIR, FASTER THAN ORDINARY INK
I'LL GET A BOTTLE AND WRITE CODY A NICE LETTER
BE SURE TO ASK FOR PARKER QUINK. ALL STORES NOW SELL LOTS OF IT

20,000-Word Bottle FREE

The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 168, Janesville, Wis.
Send demonstration bottle of QUINK—
☐ Permanent ____ Color
☐ Washable ____ Blue or ____ Black
Name
Address

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!

Eagle Brand MAGIC MAYONNAISE

½ cup vinegar or lemon juice
¾ cup salad oil or melted butter
½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains Cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

● Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No failures! And it costs less! ● *But remember* that Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Just remember the name *Eagle Brand.*

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FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book! Recognized picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new shortcuts. 100 recipes including Lemon Pie without cooking! Fast one-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel pudding that makes itself! Ingredient Marmalade Ice Cream (freezer and automatic)! Candy! Refrigerator Cakes! Salads! Custards! Cook-ed! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. AW54, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Expert finds many packaged Coffees . . . Stale

Thousands are drinking it—not only flat and tasteless in the cup—but a constant source of Nervous Irritation

MORE than half the packaged coffees bought in 16 cities in a recent investigation were found to be stale. This means that *you* may be drinking coffee that goes flat in the cup—and is nervously irritating. Stale coffee develops rancid oil.

If you drink stale coffee regularly, you are very apt to find yourself easily disturbed, flying into trivial rages.

How can you tell how old your coffee is? You *can* when you buy Chase & Sanborn's —the coffee with a wonderful dating system.

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is *Dated*. We watch this Date and see that no can remains on the grocer's shelf more than 10 days!

You *know Dated* Coffee is *fresh*. The date tells you it is rich and full-flavored . . . stimulating and healthful. Ask for Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee!

"YOU DID— I DIDN'T" ALMOST WRECKED OUR HOME

YOU'VE LEFT THE FRONT DOOR UNLOCKED ALL NIGHT AGAIN!
YOU MEAN YOU DID!
I'VE HEARD 'YOU DID' 'I DIDN'T'—EVER SINCE I ARRIVED
SORRY, SIS—
I SUSPECT YOU'RE BOTH SUFFERING FROM DAILY DOSES OF STALE COFFEE. IT'S UPSET YOUR NERVES
BUT I TELL YOU, WE HAVE HALF A DOZEN CANS OF COFFEE IN THE CUPBOARD NOW
NO WONDER IT'S STALE! WE'RE GOING FOR ONE CAN OF DATED COFFEE RIGHT NOW!
ONE WEEK LATER
SEEMS TO ME I HAVEN'T HEARD THE KATYDIDS AND DIDN'TS LATELY
YOU CERTAINLY HAVEN'T. EVERYTHING'S AS SMOOTH AS SILK SINCE YOU GOT US STARTED ON DATED COFFEE!

IF LITTLE THINGS UPSET YOU

Check your Coffee

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DATED means it's FRESH—